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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 7, 1959 / 25¢

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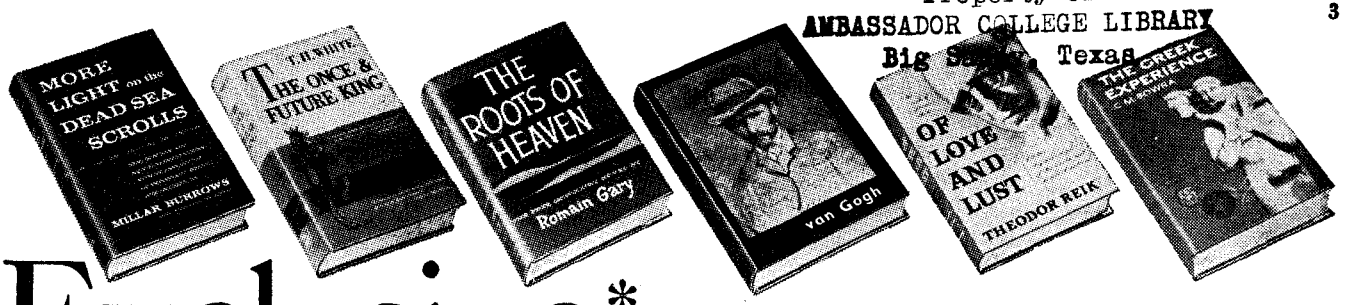

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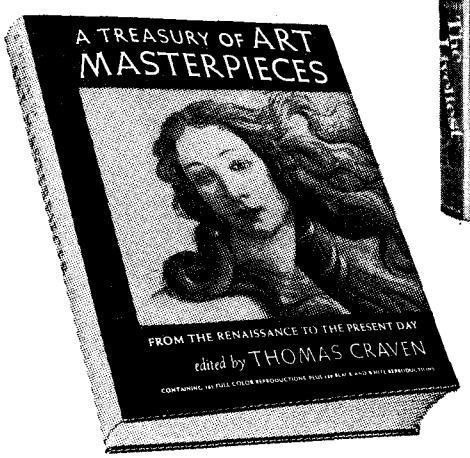

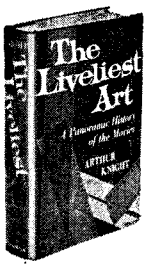

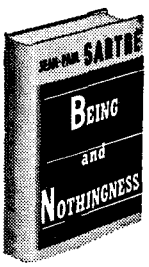

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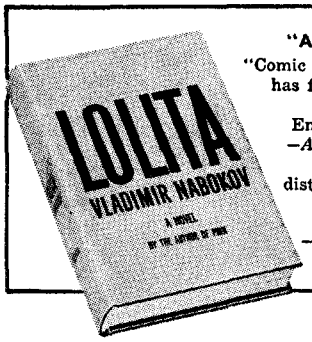

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It's all very well to say that we ought to be concerned about Russia but like cancer, religion, morality, commuting, omelette cookery and the United States, Russia is almost too complex a problem to comprehend.

This is why the new book by Irving R. Levine (he's been the NBC-"Monitor" man in Moscow since 1955) is for those of us whose chances of election to the Council on Foreign Relations are slim. "Main Street, U.S.S.R." may seem a folksy title for a bright, sharp, pertinent book but it suitably emphasizes that this is about the *people* of Russia, not its ideologies—except as people contribute to them. And even in Russia, people do.

Levine's book answers non-political American questions: "What's on Russian TV?" "Is there a stock exchange in Russia?" "Why the Russian fetish for pigeons?" "How many years of schooling are compulsory?" Even the chapter heads are entertaining: *Dial U for Ubistva, Boy Loves Girl Loves Tractor, Wait Until the Lobster Learns to Whistle.* His description of marriage customs is hilarious, his reference to the Kremlinite's use of "God Willing" ironically revealing.

You might characterize "Main Street, U.S.S.R." by saying that other books have been good, encyclopedic works by men who went from the outside to look in; Levine's is a modest book by a man who's been inside looking around. We think he's a Murrow-in-the-making.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Main Street, U.S.S.R." ($4.50), by Irving R. Levine, is published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. You'll find it at book and department stores, including the Doubleday bookshop at 228 Worth Avenue in Palm Beach, Florida. The Russian fetish for pigeons, Levine suggests, may be because they regard it (with the dove) as a symbol of peace.

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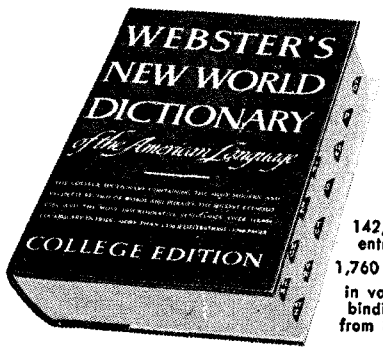

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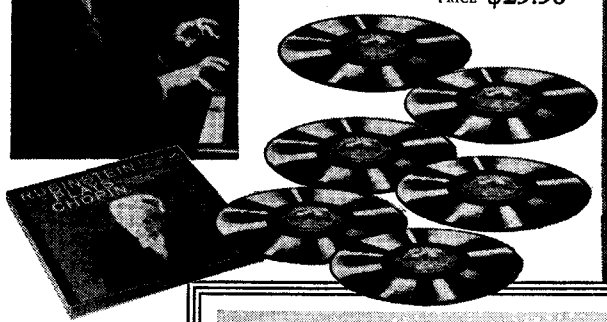

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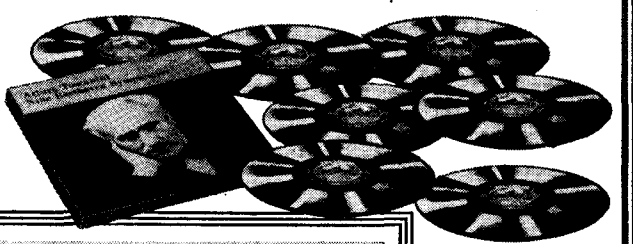

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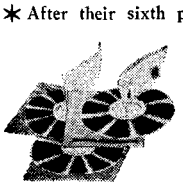

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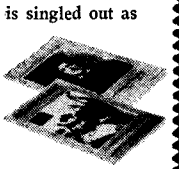

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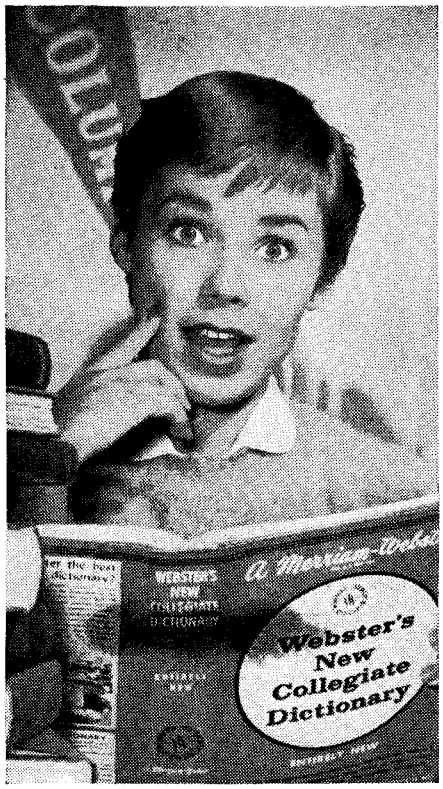

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

THE first month of the new, or "Lunik," year turned out to be, above all, a controversial one. Everybody, it seemed, chose up causes and took swipes—at everything from Cuba's New Year's Day Revolution to Russia's "Tenth Planet" over 90,000,000 miles away. In between, there were Terry Brennan and Alex Olmedo, Eddie Fisher and Marie Torre, Fidel Castro and Anastas, or the real, Mikoyan.

At first, if the latter wasn't *the* real, at least he seemed mostly *for* real. We liked especially his one-word, no-plural, in-English answer as to what he would most like to take home with him from America. "Supermarket," he said. We got to thinking what, if one of our team returns the visit later this year, he would answer to a similar question. About all we could come up with was "caviar"—which is at least the same word in Russian and so, in any case, our boy could say it.

Certainly Mr. Mikoyan's traveling show over here was a case of *caviar emptor*. Furthermore, as the show wore on, and bigger and bigger business seemed to be more and more impressed, we were ourselves perhaps most impressed with the fact that apparently the only prominent American who said he would *not* meet Mikoyan ("Not at any time or any place," he said) was Mr. George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. Evidently, with all the strikes he's planning, Mr. Meany is busier than most businessmen anyway.

• • The way we figured the Cuban thing, it was Fidel Castro, Raul Castro, and Errol Flynn vs. Fulgencio Batista, *et al.* And if things weren't bad enough, for heaven's sake, a whole new group got into the act when a clutch of free International Setters descended on El Colony, Cuba's new resort on the Isle of Pines, for a Hilton-type hotel opening, and, of all things, some shooting—which, of a different kind, they got. This group consisted of, among others, the Adam Gimbels, the George Skakels, Prince and Princess Alex Obolensky, Paul Zuckerman, the Frank Hunters, two Canadian McMartins, two bartenders from the "21" Club, two columnists, two press agents, and two models (all of whom were primarily for going home). "But we held our beachhead," said Miss Marguerite Allen (of the Robert F. Warner office) "right up until they turned off the champagne." "It was terrible," said Mrs. Louis Werner II (who *Look* magazine recently elected "Mrs. St. Louis"), "they even impounded our guns and they wouldn't let us shoot any more pheasants." For a horrid moment we thought she said *peasants*, but even though Mrs. Werner is a hunter, we don't think she'd go *that* far.

• • Somehow we think the Isle of Pines episode perhaps best exemplified the incredible air of unreality about the whole affair, which also came about because the press, generally speaking, had done an extremely poor pre-Revolution job. Then, too, revolutions nowadays, like hot and cold wars, are fought and won, not with guns or on the playing fields of Eton, or any of those good old-fashioned ways, but with press conferences, "exclusive" interviews, Ampex tape, and, if the revolution is a hit, the Sullivan Show. Indeed it seemed only natural, a few days after the *coup* to see Fidel himself, big as tape, right there on Channel 2. And at least no one can say he got there through pull. Marie Torre also made the Sullivan Show the hard way—after ten days in jail. As we listened to Miss Torre we got to wondering what would happen if we said that a "close friend" of Miss Torre told us that the only source she had for the statement about Judy Garland was her husband, and Miss Torre sued, and her lawyers demanded we name our source, and we respectfully declined to answer because the only source we had was our wife, and we refused to name her and so *we* went to jail! Anyway, it was the month's controversy of controversies.

• • There was controversy too in the sports field. Notre Dame fired Terry Brennan who not only had a reasonably good record but who also behaved better than Notre Dame about it all, and the United States—or rather Peru's Alex Olmedo—won the Davis Cup. We liked best the comment of one of the Australian papers. "If a Peruvian is a United Statesian," it said, "why isn't a Turk a Russian or a Chinaman an Englishman?" Among other things, it seemed the best idea we've heard in a long time for a permanent international peace.

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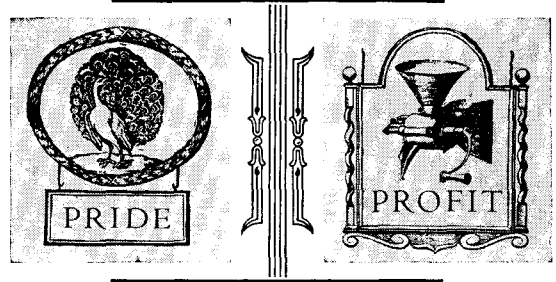

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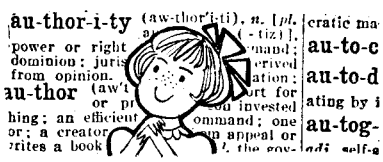
TRADE Winds

JUST IN CASE you think that the younger set has nothing but Elvis Presleys for its heroes, the following will give you heart.

Sandra Christopoulos, a sixth-grader, entered a contest sponsored



by the Stoughton, Mass., Public Library on the subject: "The Authors I Would Like Most to Meet."

"The authors I would like most to meet," Sandra wrote, "are E. L. Thorndike and Clarence L. Barnhart, who wrote the Junior Dictionary.

"I would ask them how long did it take them to write the dictionary, where they learned the meanings of the words, where they learned the words to put in the dictionary, if they argued over the meanings of any words . . .

"I would also ask what subjects they took if they went to college. After I get out of school, I would also like to write a book and be a great author."

WE TRACKED DOWN Clarence Barnhart, to find that he had replied to Sandra at length. Sandra's guess at the problems involved in putting the dictionary together were right on the track.

It took nine years and a staff of twenty-five to get the project into final shape, in which Mr. Barnhart wrote over 50,000 analytic comments to the late Dr. Thorndike. They checked every pronunciation with experts. Both of the editors constantly criticized each other's definitions, especially with the view of getting the simplest possible definition for juniors.

"The books that scholars write," concludes Mr. Barnhart in his letter to Sandra, "are often just a by-product of the fundamental desire to discover and explore the nature of the world or some part of it. If you have that, you will not only write a book, but you may also become great as well as famous."

MR. BARNHART IS a scholar with a passionate dedication for his work. But all is not so smooth with the routine of dictionary-making. Especially with that troublesome word "passionate."

The original Junior Dictionary (general edition by Doubleday; textbook edition by Scott, Foresman) had this definition and illustrative sentence:

"2. easily moved to strong feelings, . . . She was too passionate to be a good teacher."

Before the snickers had died down, this was changed. But on rechecking the first definition, they found more trouble:

"1. having or showing strong feelings. A tiger is a passionate animal."

It took a couple of hundred tries at the illustrative sentences to wriggle out of double-meanings. But the new Thorndike-Barnhart Junior Dictionary now going to press will solve the problem.

"The fathers of our country were passionate believers in freedom," it reads.

"Let's see if anyone can put a double meaning into *that* one," said Mr. Barnhart.

OTHER BLOOPERS have often plagued the dictionary people, but few of them have found their way into print.

The definition of "black bear" almost went into the book with the definition: "A large American with black fur . . ."

Another one, caught along the way, read: "madam: 1. title attached to the surface of a French married woman." The typist had meant "surname."

One other error in the raised-eyebrow department involved the word "skirt." The third meaning of the word read:

"3. border; edge; outer part. Mr.

Smith lives on the skirts of the town."

But all of this is dwarfed by the figures: Scott, Foresman reports the sale of over 4,000,000 copies of the school edition; Doubleday has approximately 3,500,000 Thorndike-Barnhart dictionaries in print.

Those are pretty passionate figures.

BUT CHILDREN still continue to have trouble with the meanings in spite of special dictionaries.

Kay Buttenheim, of Mt. Kisco, New

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York, writes to let us know that her six-year-old daughter was asked by a friend how many members she had in her family.

"Let's see," said the six-year-old. "We have two boys. And three girls. And one adult. And one adulteress."

DALE WARREN, of Houghton Mifflin, who is writing about Havelock Ellis in *SR* this week, forwards an anecdote recorded by Joe Harrington in *The Boston Globe,* in which a moving man lugged twenty-five cases of books up three flights of stairs for a Harvard professor.

"Hey, Mac," said the moving man. "Why didn't you read all these books before you moved?"

AND FROM NEARBY Weston, in Massachusetts, Courtlandt Gilmour informs us that he's devised a new game to while away a dull hour in your library. The trick is to take a book and file it under a classification by its title only.

"We could put John Mason Brown's 'Seeing Things' under 'Abnormal Psychology.' Or Graham Greene's 'The Quiet American' under 'Mythology.' Or Samuel Hopkins Adams' 'Tenderloin' under 'Cooking.' This is just a start. It all goes to prove that titles tell you nothing."

THE QUESTION OF what makes a good title is probably one that will never be solved. Along Broadway, the maxim is: a good title is the title of a hit. According to a great many producers, there is no arguing with this premise.

When Arthur Miller was on the road with "Death of a Salesman," he was offered cash, tears, threats, and supplications to change the title. Plays with "death" in the title were death to the box office, he was told. Plays about salesmen would never sell a ticket. But Miller stuck to his guns and his title. It would be hard, now, to imagine the play with any other title. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1297)

TILLION:

ALGERIA—THE REALITIES

Individually, men are neither less intelligent nor less good and certainly not less happy in a "backward" society than in our own—so long as no one has tampered with the centuries-old empirical balance that allowed man to gain a living in that society.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 1

"The proper study of mankind is man," said Geoffrey Chaucer in his immortal *Casey At the Bat,* and I couldn't agree more. In these tangled times it is particularly proper to study man—how he lives and works. Accordingly, this column, normally devoted to slapdash waggery, will from time to time turn a serious eye on the social sciences.

In making these occasional departures, I have the hearty approval of the makers of Philip Morris Cigarettes, whose interest is not only in providing young Americans with fine cigarettes, matchlessly blended of vintage tobaccos, grown with loving care and harvested with tender mercy, then cured with compassionate patience and rolled into firm tasty cylinders and brought to you in long size or regular, in soft pack or flip-top box, at prices which wreak no havoc on the most stringent of budgets, but who are equally concerned with broadening the minds and extending the intellectual vistas of every college man and woman!

I, for one, am not unmoved by this great-heartedness, and though I know it is considered chic these days to disparage one's employers, I shall not. Indeed, I shall cry "Huzzah!" for the makers of Philip Morris. I shall cry "Huzzah!" and "Viva!" and "Olé!" and "Ochichoonya!"

But I digress. For our first lesson in social science, let us turn to economics, often called the queen of the social sciences. (Sociology is the king of the social sciences. Advertising is the jack.)

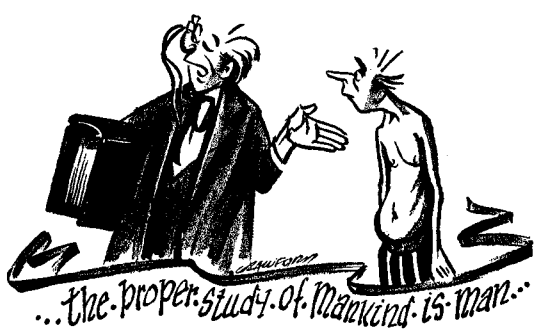
Economics breaks down into two broad general classifications: 1) coins; 2) folding money. But before taking up these technical aspects, let us survey briefly the history of economics.

Economics was discovered by the Englishman, Adam Smith. He published his findings in 1786, but everybody giggled so hard that Smith, blushing hotly, gave up the whole thing and went into the cough drop business with his brother.

For long years after that economics lay neglected while the world busied itself with other things, like the birth of Victor Hugo, the last days of Pompeii, and the Bunny Hug.

Then one day while flying a kite during a thunderstorm, the American, Henry George (also called Thorstein Veblen), discovered the law of diminishing returns, and then, boy, the fat was in the fire! Before you could say "knife" the Industrial Revolution was on! Mechanization and steam power resulted in prodigies of production. For example, before the Industrial Revolution, a Welsh artisan, named Dylan Sigafoos, used to make horseshoes by hand at the rate of four a day. After the Industrial Revolution, with the aid of a steam engine, Sigafoos was able to make entire horses!

And so it went—factories rising from the plains, cities burgeoning around the factories, transport and commerce keeping pace—until today, thanks to economics, we have smog, recessions, and economics textbooks at $7.50 per copy.



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The makers of Philip Morris are no economists, but they do understand supply and demand. Some people demand filter cigarettes, so they supply the finest—Marlboro, of course! Great flavor, improved filter—a lot to like!

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ON TRANSLATION

Edited by
REUBEN A. BROWER

SEVENTEEN outstanding translators discuss the job of translating (among them Dudley Fitts, Rolfe Humphries, Vladimir Nabokov, Roman Jakobson, and Achilles Fang). What are the principles of Bible translating? What special problems arise in the translation of poetry, or of documents? What is the new method of machine translation? Full of fascinating insights and asides, this is an extremely thorough study for amateur and professional students of literature and language. Critical bibliography.
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RELIGION, POLITICS, AND THE HIGHER LEARNING

by MORTON WHITE

IN a series of brilliant essays, the author refutes the common belief that only such philosophies as existentialism have something to say on current questions of religion, history, politics, law and education. He shows that modern analytical philosophers have equally important contributions to cultural problems if they will hold to standards of clarity and good judgment.
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Chess Corner—8

A FASCINATING branch of the game of chess is that of composed problems. Here competition is at a minimum, and wrangling among masters is purely academic. How good is the final composition? Is it thematic, economic, esthetically pleasing? Is the main idea well concealed? These are some of the principal considerations.

To the chess player, only this last point makes sense. For he is interested in that which will ultimately benefit his play. All great masters of the game, nonetheless, agree that solving problems is an excellent wit-sharpener. Mighty Lasker, chess champion of the world for twenty-six years, not only enjoyed the diversion, but also exploited the showing of problems. With mischievous bent, he would importune an unwilling victim with a choice tidbit. "Mate in three," he would announce. And, after a long while, the poor dupe would propose the solution. "You must have seen the problem before," Lasker cackled, while the victim popped the buttons on his vest from unmitigated pride. Then an argument would ensue. The poor soul protested that he had never, no never, seen the problem before. And much later, Lasker would concede, "No, you have not seen the problem before, your solution is incorrect."

The problem below is a real teaser. At first sight, it appears that there are many ways of mating the exposed Black King in three. Yet all is not what it seems. Technically, the theme is a Bristol, which involves the clearance of a line by one piece so that another can follow in its wake. In this instance, the solution would be easy, if White could pocket his Rook at Queen square. That might be cricket, but not chess.

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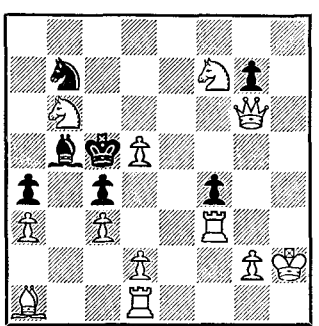

—*Frank Healey.*

WHITE

Mate in Three
1 R-R1, B-Q2 2 Q-N1, B-N4 3 Q-N1.
2 ...., else 3 Q-N4.
—AL HOROWITZ.

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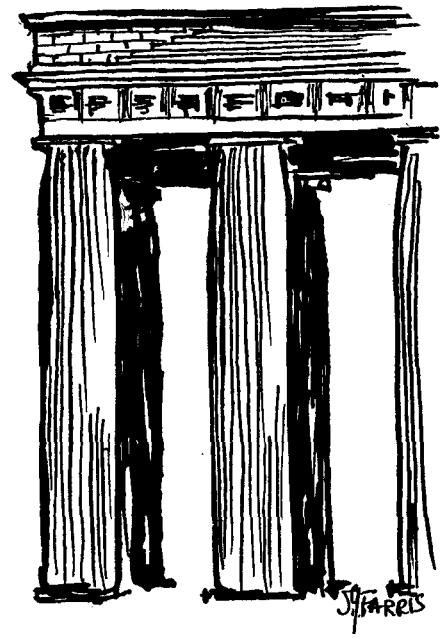
Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 7, 1959

POLITICS AND MORALITY



By ADLAI STEVENSON

The moral challenge in all walks of life—including the measured tread of government—has been a matter of concern to political philosophers as far back as Plato. Adlai Stevenson has brooded publicly and privately over the gap between ethics and politics long before serving in office. He often has contended that freedom is like quicksilver: unless there is a shield of morality, it slips away. Recently, Mr. Stevenson inaugurated the first of an annual series of lectures honoring the late A. Powell Davies, pastor of All Souls Unitarian Church, in Washington. This article was adapted from the speech.

ALL politics is made up of many things — economic pressures, personal ambitions, the desire to exercise power, the overriding issues of national need and aspiration. But if it is nothing more, it is without roots. It is built on shifting, changing sands of emotion and interest. When challenged, it can give no account of itself. When threatened, it is in danger of collapse.

Today, when the threat and challenge to free society seem more total and powerful than ever before, it is not a political luxury or fruitless pedantry to re-examine our fundamental principles. I think it more likely to be the condition of survival.

There comes to mind a phrase of the late A. Powell Davies, whose ministry in Washington was a national beacon for so many years. "The world," he said, "is now too dangerous for anything but the truth, too small for anything but brotherhood." This I believe to be in broad measure a correct estimate of the condition of human society, which is now capable, with a few hydrogen bombs, of extinguishing itself. Today we can all be killed by the same bombs or atomic fallout. In that sense we have a desperate physical solidarity. But moral and social solidarity in the family of man is still to be found.

Not so long ago I visited Dr. Albert Schweitzer in his primitive jungle hospital in French Equatorial Africa, and he told me he considered this the most dangerous period in history, not just modern history, but all human history. Why? Because, he said, heretofore nature has controlled man, but now man has learned to control elemental forces—before he has learned to control himself.

Many of us seem to rely on some mythical God-given superiority of the white Western world to save us. My concern is that there is evidence that the Communists accept the reality of the human conditions more than we do.

It is impossible to spend weeks traveling around the Soviet Union as I did this summer without taking away an overwhelming impression of thrust and purpose in most aspects of Soviet life. The revolutionary ardor has cooled with time, but even the very pragmatic political leaders seem to believe profoundly in the truth of their way of life, and they are quietly confident that it will sweep the world in time. I think they sincerely believe that their methods, their aspirations, their dreams, make up the final truth about the nature of man and society.

FROM this conviction flow two consequences. The first is that no effort, no dedication, no sacrifice is too great that may help to realize the Communist Party's goals in Soviet society. The second is that no corner of humanity can be a matter of indifference to the Communists, because the whole human race is destined to become one in Communist brotherhood.

These are not abstract generalizations. The Soviet Union is a vast powerhouse of energy all harnessed to the

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communal task of building the Soviet dream. The thrust of economic growth that adds a 9 or 10 per cent increase each year to industrial expansion is one aspect of this energy. The vast sums available for science and research are another. The self-discipline and long hours put in by school children to train themselves as the scientists, technicians, administrators, and linguists of the new world order are perhaps the most significant measure of the resources of energy, work, and skill upon which Soviet leaders hope to draw. In Moscow, Serge Obraztsov, the brilliant director of the famous Puppet Theatre, said: "I visited China five years ago. It was the most extraordinary experience of my life. People in China have had nothing—nothing! Now several hundred million people are dreaming of tomorrow. I cannot describe to you the feeling of excitement there—much, much more even than here in the Soviet Union."

—*Sovfoto.*

Moscow workers applaud candidates' nomination—"The ardor has cooled with time."

The energy, the drive, the dedication in the U.S.S.R. spill over into international affairs. In part, of course, this is the restless concern that all imperial powers must exercise, especially when the peoples they control are as restive and unreliable as the captive peoples in Russia's European empire. But Communist activity, planning, and efforts in trade and aid are not confined to areas of Communist control. They are world-wide, and there is no corner of the earth's surface that they think too insignificant for their attention. But why should they be so busy? Why such patience through every setback, such forward thrusts through every point of Western weakness? Heaven knows, we only want to stay home. Why don't they? Why do we never meet an isolationist Communist?

I DON'T think there is any doubt about the answer. Part of it is simply needed foreign trade. Part is fear—the search for security through friends. And part is the historical centrifugal forces in Russia that have been pressing outward for a hundred years—to the Pacific, the Balkans, and the Middle East. But the important thing is that the Soviet Russians believe in their truth, as the men of the Western world once believed in theirs. They, not we, are firing the shots that are heard round the world—and also the satellites that orbit above it. The fact that their faith is in many ways an evil perversion of the great propositions that once made the blood course in our Western veins does not alter the fact that their tempo is dynamic and ours sluggish—even, I think, to ourselves.

The reason cannot be that we Americans have lost our vision of truth and brotherhood. No country on earth owes the sense of community more explicitly to the fact that it is united not by race or nationality but by fidelity to an idea. We were born "dedicated to a proposition" and our greatest leaders—the Jeffersons, the Lincolns, the Woodrow Wilsons—were not great because they achieved purely American purposes, but because they were able to speak for humanity at large and extend their vision to the whole family of man.

Nor, I believe, can we find fault with the American dream. Indeed, the ferment of our freedom works inexorably and dangerously in the Communist world. No one can have visited Poland without seeing how little the Polish people accept their servitude and how they look beyond their neighbors to the free world as the reservoir of power and hope.

But, alas, all our talk—in diplomacy, in strategy, in aid and trade, in all the intricacies of our world-wide relations—has been to a depressing degree purely defensive. We have offered aid—not to help others but to shield ourselves. We have reacted to countless Soviet initiatives; acted on our own initiative barely at all. We watch the skies for other people's sputniks and listen to the telegraph wires for other people's moves. Yet we are the free men of this universe, the children of liberty, the beneficiaries of unequalled abundance, and heirs of the highest, proudest political tradition ever known to man!

Why this lack of initiative? Why this paralysis of will? What have we done to our truth and our brotherhood—the supreme truth of freedom, the Christian truth of brotherly love? Have they failed or have we?

There is no more urgent duty than to discover why we have failed and to get back into the arena, aspiring, striving, fighting once more for what we believe. I am not basically worried about our technology, our science, our machines, our resources. But I am concerned, desperately concerned, about the enfeebled great central pulse of our freedom, the great truth of liberty, which, more than any other nation, we first set working in the modern world.

The great German poet, Goethe, who also lived through a crisis of freedom, said to his generation: "What you have inherited from your fathers, earn over again for yourselves or it will not be yours." We inherited freedom. We seem unaware that freedom has to be remade and re-earned in each generation of man. One reason for this failure is, I believe, passing at last. Our foolish languor has been shaken, if not shattered. We are more ready to examine ourselves and our record. And it is a privilege of our society that every citizen should make his own inquiry. The urgent thing is to feel the need for re-thinking and to set to work the ultimate energies of free society—which cannot be done by the fiat of government but only by the troubled conscience of responsible men and women.

I BELIEVE that we have confused the free with the free and easy. If freedom had been the happy, simple, relaxed state of ordinary humanity, man would have everywhere been free—whereas through most of time and space he has been in chains. The natural government of man is servitude. Tyranny is the normal pattern

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—*Wide World.*

American political convention—"We have confused the free with the free and easy."

of government. It is only by intense thought, by great effort, by burning idealism and unlimited sacrifice that freedom has prevailed as a system of government. And the efforts that were first necessary to create it are fully as necessary to sustain it in our own day.

He who offers this thing we call freedom as the soft option is a deceiver or himself deceived. He who sells it cheap or offers it as the by-product of this or that economic system is knave or fool. For freedom demands infinitely more care and devotion than any other political system. It puts consent and personal initiative in the place of command and obedience. By relying upon the devotion and initiative of ordinary citizens, it gives up the harsh but effective disciplines that underpin all the tyrannies which over the millennia have stunted the full stature of men.

We have had enough of adjustment, conformity, easy options and the least common denominator in our system. We need instead to see the "pursuit of happiness" in terms that are historically proven and psychologically correct. If we become a nation of Bourbons, numbers won't save us. We shall go their way.

This is not a Puritan or pleasure-hating spirit. On the contrary, there is no boredom or misery to equal the pursuit of distraction alone. We do not slip into happiness. It is strenuously sought and earned. A nation glued to the television screen is not simply at a loss before the iron pioneers of the new collective society. It isn't even having a good time. No society has ever spent as much as we do on drink and tranquillizers. Can one argue that this is evidence of universal fun?

But perhaps this misunderstanding of the true nature of happiness and of the conditions of its pursuit is simply an aspect of something else—our misunderstanding of the real nature of freedom. Judge Learned Hand has warned us that freedom would not survive in our Constitution if it had already died in the hearts of the people. We shall not have a free society unless we have free men.

How are we to defend freedom if, for the tyranny of external control, we substitute the clattering, cluttering tyranny of internal aimlessness and fuss? This freedom for our souls, freedom at the profoundest level of our being, is not a gift to us by our contemporary way of life. On the contrary, much of this life is a direct conspiracy against it. And if we cannot —by a certain discipline, by readiness for reflection and quiet, by determination to do the difficult and aim at a lasting good—rediscover the real purpose and direction of our existence, we shall not be free. Our society will not be free.

I doubt if any society in history has faced so great a moral challenge as ours, or needed more desperately to draw on the deepest source of courage and responsibility. Ours is the first human community in which resources are so abundant that almost no policies lie beyond our capacity for purely physical reasons. The inhibitions of poverty—lack of resources, lack of capital, lack of power—do not hold us back. We can accomplish at what we aim. Thus, perhaps for the first time in the world, choice, not means, ends, not instruments, are decisive.

Then again we have proved—drably and dangerously—over the last decade that defensiveness is not a sufficient reason for action. All the policies we have pursued in self-defense have left us still on the defensive. But if we do not act from fear, we must find some other motivation. In free society there is no other alternative but to tap the vigor, faith, and imagination of the people themselves.

But perhaps the most urgent reason why the quality of our moral response has become the decisive issue in politics is quite simply that most of the major problems of our day present themselves in moral terms, and are probably insoluble without some stirring of generosity, some measure of vision. In the wealthiest nation in the world, at least 5,000,000 families still live in squalid but remediable poverty. They are a minority. They don't have the votes to force the issue of their misfortune into the front rank of public issues. They depend, for remedies, upon the alert conscience of the majority. But how do we keep the conscience sensitive and alert? By concentrating on our own concerns and adding the dishwasher to the television set to the air conditioner? By griping over taxes? By closing our minds every time we go through a slum? No—we shall have the dedication and drive to wipe poverty out of this rich land only if the well-to-do majority of today do not repeat the selfish indifference which, in many communities, has been the epitaph of yesterday's wealthy elite.

THE issue of the rights and status of our colored citizens is our small share of a world-wide problem. The four hundred years' dominance of men of white skin is ending. The vast colored majority of mankind is seeking the opportunity and the respect that white people have been lucky enough to enjoy for so long—sometimes at the colored people's expense. But, within this world-wide crisis, we in America, with our colored minority, have a major role to play—for good or evil. "The unfinished work" that Lincoln left us, of creating a society in which all men can hold up their heads as equals and self-respecting citizens, can never be accomplished unless there are enough white men and women who resist in the core of their being the moral evil of treating any of God's children as essentially inferior.

Nor is this simply a question of our own national community. It is a painful fact that the Communists show a world-wide concern, which is largely lacking among the men of the West; the whole human race is their horizon. Their "brotherhood" is materialist, collectivist, atheist, and we dislike it, but it embraces everybody, and it is

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Dr. Kinsey and Mr. Ellis

By DALE WARREN

PROBABLY no one would have followed the fortunes of the Kinsey reports on sexual behavior with keener personal and scientific interest than Havelock Ellis, who was born at Croydon on February 2, 1859, and died in 1939 at the age of eighty. The fortunes that attended the writing and publication of his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" were not at all similar. Alfred C. Kinsey was a mere stripling on the two occasions when, as a young representative of Houghton Mifflin Company, I visited Mr. Ellis in the Herne Hill section of London and heard from his own lips the now almost incredible story.

Oddly enough, those who ballyhooed the first volume, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," of Kinsey's statistical marathon, almost to a man overlooked Ellis's very existence as well as the fact that his lifework was to a considerable extent responsible for today's acceptance of the Kinsey findings. He has, however, been accorded a certain grudging respect by a handful of historically minded researchers who played their part in the launching of the second volume, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female," even though the majority still persist in labeling Kinsey "the Columbus of sex." I believe that in the distribution of the two Kinsey books, which is well over half a million copies, Havelock Ellis would have seen a large measure of vindication and reward for his own years of struggle and persecution.

The Kinsey project received the backing of Indiana University, the National Research Council, and the medical division of the Rockefeller Foundation. The result was attended by no publication difficulties. On the other hand, the publication difficulties encountered by Ellis were staggering. The initial volume of his work precipitated an ugly court action and was officially condemned as obscene. Ellis himself was derided as a pornographer and worse. Yet Ellis—always the independent private investigator—continued his crusade and persevered to complete his seven-volume study. He lived to see it sold openly in Great Britain, America, and in other countries, and to bring about a revolution in the sexual attitudes of modern man.

Wrote Judge Ben B. Lindsey: "More than any other person, he has made possible the frank search which this age and generation is attempting towards a synthesis of love and virtue." A minister of the gospel, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes wrote: "More fully than any other man, he has discovered and revealed what life ought to be and may well be." H. L. Mencken said: "No man has done more in our time to liberate the human mind from the bondage of fear and dogma"; and a common man from somewhere in Nigeria remarked: "I can now look back over fifty years of life and say that I owe all to Havelock Ellis. He has taught me the supreme value of self-knowledge."

As pioneer and prophet, as road breaker and revolutionist, Havelock Ellis helped mold the society that not only accepts the Kinsey data in the interests of scientific truth, but also the responsibility of underwriting such an investigation and setting in motion the machinery necessary for its conduct.

Kinsey made his first appearance in 1948, his second in 1953. It was 1897 when Ellis, who was born the year that saw publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," had completed his first volume. People had not then begun to make love at the movies or exude sex appeal over the telephone. Advertising was not yet pointed at erotic stimulation. In England, there was still the shadow of Victoria; in America, it was the era of the Gibson Girl. The two World Wars, which did much to sweep away reticence, prudery, and hypocrisy, were still to be fought. Ellis lived and worked in an atmosphere of British taboo and censorship, as distinct from present-day America as from the Vienna of Sigmund Freud.

ALTHOUGH constantly productive in other literary fields and the author of more than a score of books, provocative and often profound, Ellis considered his "Studies" his major work; and the period from their dim inception, when he was a schoolteacher in New South Wales, Australia, down to the publication of the final volume, covered more than fifty years. The first volume that he resolved to put into shape was the volume on inversion. "That resolve was a mistake," Ellis told me, and, as subsequent events proved incontrovertibly, this is understatement of classic proportions. The decision was due to the pressure of John Addington Symonds, tubercular art critic and aesthete, who had collected considerable data on the subject and offered himself as collaborator, putting his material at Ellis's disposal. But before they could meet, Symonds died suddenly in Rome. Unshaken in his purpose, Ellis carried on alone, and the book, with title page proclaiming joint authorship, was published by a German publisher in German. When later issued in England by Wilson and Macmillan, Symonds's literary executor

Art for Art

By Edward Kessler

THE smiling of women and the motion
Of great waters, these alone disturbed
Leonardo who enjoyed what was left:
The brilliant sins highlighting the dark,
The exquisite fevers of the Borgias,
The canvasses which took the place of God.
Careless with time, he never wondered why
Saint John went to the waste for food,
Or Saint Anne praised an unnatural child,
Or man not man broke bread that was not bread—
All beyond him, perfectly beyond him,
So he painted, took any stand, chose any side,
And his indifference grew till he was French,
Married to their valley, past unsettling waters
And the smile that was neither his nor hers.

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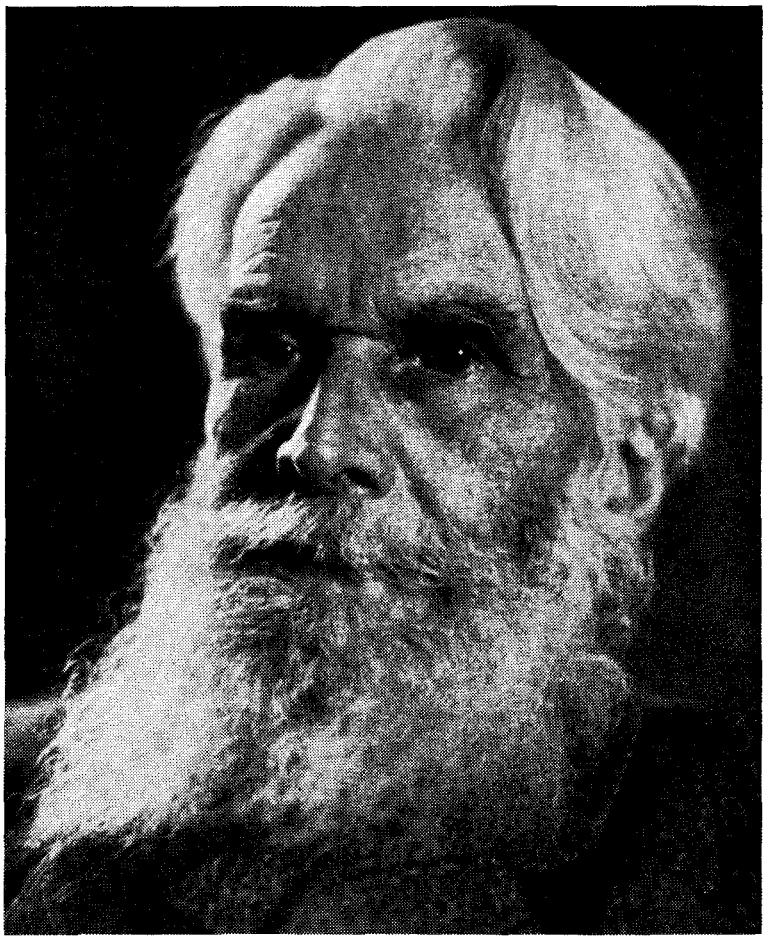
withdrew permission to use the Symonds material and bought up the entire edition. Ellis accordingly set about deleting the Symonds contributions, and the revised edition was eventually issued by The University Press, Watford. Watford, ironically, contained no university.

Ellis's original choice of an English publisher had been Williams and Norgate, a small firm that had an excellent reputation in the scientific field, but on professional advice they had declined the book. The professional advisor, it developed, was a Quaker who approved the book on scientific grounds but feared for its effect on the layman, explaining laconically: "There are always the compositors!"

Obviously it was not an easy matter to get a book on this subject published in England the year of the Diamond Jubilee and the release of Oscar Wilde from Pentonville Prison.

After similar rebuffs from other medical publishers, Ellis made arrangements for publication with a certain Dr. De Villiers, "a new publisher, of ample means, and interested in scientific books," and it was through De Villiers that the stillborn first English edition, and afterwards the revised edition, had been issued. "Wilson and Macmillan" and "The University Press, Watford" were obviously trade names coined by De Villiers, and it was later revealed that "De Villiers" was also a trade name cloaking the identity of one Herr Georg Ferdinand Springmuhl von Wessenfeld, wanted by the police for a wide variety of crimes, and considered by Detective Sweeney of Scotland Yard to be "the most extraordinary criminal of modern time."



Havelock Ellis: He paved the way for "the Columbus of Sex."

AT ANY rate, the book was published. It was published quietly as Ellis —in contrast to the Kinsey promoters —wished no ballyhoo. He stipulated that it should merely be announced to doctors by means of circulars and that review copies should be sent only to scientific journals.

What followed is known as the Bedborough Trial, George Bedborough being secretary of an organization called the Legitimation League which, through its magazine, *The Adult* (published by De Villiers), aimed to improve the status of the illegitimate child and, for no very obvious reason, appealed strongly to anarchists suspected of subversive activities. The anarchists were unpopular with the police, and the league had stocked a few copies of the Ellis book. So Scotland Yard, or rather its "anarchist section," moved in and, seeking to link the anarchists with the subject of the book, purchased a copy from Bedborough, through a disguised detective, and promptly arrested him. De Villiers, not surprisingly, absconded.

Bedborough was charged with having "sold and uttered a certain lewd wicked bawdy scandalous and obscene libel with the intention of corrupting the morals of Her Majesty's Subjects." The trial, said Ellis, was "a mixture of confusion, muddle, disappointment, even rascality," as the book and its purpose were insidiously entangled with the league (to which Ellis did not belong), *The Adult* (for which Ellis did not write), Bedborough (whom Ellis did not know), the absconded De Villiers, a hastily formed Free Press Defense Committee, the disinterested anarchists and, of course, the illegitimate children. Dragging on for six months, the proceedings resulted in a legal and moral fiasco. Bedborough unexpectedly pleaded guilty, making a deal for a suspended sentence when he saw the trial was going against him. Ellis was given no opportunity to state his case in court or to defend the scientific nature of his work. Nor did any medical man or scientist, although profuse in private testimonials, come publicly to its defense. The actual issues were obscured and the cause of free speech suffered an overwhelming defeat. At his own expense Ellis printed "A Note on the Bedborough Trial," in which he made clear his actual position, and then sought seclusion in Morocco.

Incidentally, a strong point made against the book at the trial was the fact that it was not issued under proper auspices. Ellis did not have Kinsey's unimpeachable and variegated sponsorship—which received its full measure of publicity.

Having determined to issue none of the succeeding volumes of the "Studies" in England, Ellis agreed to the publication of Volume II by De Villiers in Germany. It was at this point that De Villiers, so far only vaguely suspected by Ellis, outsmarted himself and apparently produced the book in England under a "Leipzig" imprint. This edition was confiscated when the police detected, beneath the De Villiers alias, the "fantastic criminal" wanted on other charges, and arrested him in the quiet seclusion of Cambridge, where he was living under another assumed name. Ellis's first "publisher" then obligingly took poison, said to have been secreted

(*Continued on page* 57)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Mark Twain's Self-Portrait

By Granville Hicks

CHARLES NEIDER's edition of **"The Autobiography of Mark Twain"** (Harper, $6) is the third try at what is probably an insoluble problem. But if there can be no wholly satisfying arrangement of the autobiographical materials Twain left, Neider's has great advantages, especially for the general reader. Unlike "Mark Twain's Autobiography," which Albert Bigelow Paine edited in 1924, it consistently holds the attention; unlike "Mark Twain in Eruption," which Bernard De Voto edited in 1940, it tells the story of Twain's life.

Twain set down some autobiographical fragments as early as 1870, and he returned to the project sporadically, notably in 1897 and 1898, when he wrote some admirable passages on his boyhood. In 1904 he hit upon what seemed to him his true method: he would write each day about what interested him and trust to luck that a coherent pattern would emerge. In 1906, after Albert Bigelow Paine had come on the scene in the role of official biographer, Twain began to dictate his reminiscences and observations, intending that these should serve Paine's purpose and eventually form part of the autobiography. He kept at this almost daily for a few months, and returned to the task periodically during the four remaining years of his life.

Twain always made a great point of his decision that the book was not to be published until after his death.

> In this Autobiography [he wrote], I shall keep in mind the fact that I am speaking from the grave. I am literally speaking from the grave, because I shall be dead when the book issues from the press. I speak from the grave rather than with my living tongue for a good reason: I can speak thence freely . . . It has seemed to me that I could be as frank and free and unembarrassed as a love letter if I knew that what I was writing would be exposed to no eye until I was dead, and unaware and indifferent.

Some portions, he indicated, were not to be published for many years after his death; in one instance the period specified was four centuries. On the other hand, he was willing that such passages as would not give offense should be published whenever his executors saw fit.

When he brought out his two-volume edition in 1924, Paine was duly considerate of Twain's wishes. That is, he not only leaned over backward in his effort to hurt no one's feelings; he arranged passages in the order in which they had been written or dictated, an arrangement that for some reason had commended itself to Twain. As a consequence, the work is tepid and shapeless, and the second volume contains many dull stretches.

In 1924 De Voto received the permission of the Mark Twain estate to publish portions of what Paine had omitted. Paine, according to De Voto, had used about half the existing typescript, and he used about half of the remainder. In selecting passages, he said, he chose what seemed to him relevant and interesting, without worrying about shocking people or hurting their feelings. (Neider says there *was* one passage De Voto wanted to use and wasn't allowed to.) What he chose he arranged by topics—politics, economics, the publishing business, recollections of writers, and so on.

"Mark Twain in Eruption" is a lively book, but it contains nothing horrendous. However portentously Twain might speak of the revelations he could make because he was writing from the grave, he remained reasonably cautious—as from time to time he admitted. He did indulge his vanity in an amusing way, and he did set down excoriating comments on a couple of his publishers, on Bret Harte, on Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and on one or two others. He was outspoken in his criticisms of American society and of organized religion, although he didn't go much further than he had already gone in print. He was never profoundly self-revelatory, and only occasionally was he truly volcanic.

WHEREAS De Voto tried simply to bring together portions of the "Autobiography" that hadn't been published and that seemed to him worthy of publication, Charles Neider is trying to salvage the "Autobiography" as such. In addition to what has already appeared in either Twain or De Voto, he uses hitherto unpublished materials. (He was not allowed to publish the passage for which permission was refused De Voto, but otherwise he had a free hand.) The strength of the book, however, is not in the new material, which is for the most part of only minor interest, but in the arrangement. Neider has defied Twain's wishes by presenting events in chronological order. Thus the book gives the reader a sense of Mark Twain's life, as Paine's didn't do and De Voto's, of course, didn't try to do.

Neider cannot eliminate all the consequences of Twain's hit-or-miss method of writing and dictating the book. There are gaps, there are repetitions, there are huge variations in tone. Except for some of the sections that were written early, the manner is chatty and even long-winded, and, in spite of Neider's editing, there are trivialities. But if this is by no means an ideal autobiography, Neider's arrangement does seem to me the most effective that could be devised. The book remains a collection of fragments, but at least the reader knows where he is.

The best of the book is to be found at the beginning and the end: Twain's account of his youth in Hannibal, with its emphasis on the terrors as well as the joys of boyhood, is almost as good as the great chapters in "Huckleberry Finn"; and what he writes about the death of his daughters and his wife is infinitely touching. In between there are ups and downs, but he is often amusing and sometimes brilliant. Most of the time, except at the very end, he is quietly, consciously a humorist, carefully calculating his effects to win a smile if not a guffaw. This helps to dispose of Van Wyck Brooks's contention that Twain was a humorist against his will, for when he had a chance to write as he pleased, writing as he was from the grave, he was still a humorist. He was also, just as deeply, a great storyteller. The book is largely made up of anecdotes, and even the slightest of them is told with finesse.

Mark Twain was the best-loved writer America has had. When Paine spoke of his hold upon the affections of the American people, Twain said, "Yes, they have liked to be amused." Most of his life at any rate he was satisfied if he could be amusing, but he must have realized that his hold upon large numbers of Americans rested on something more than his capacity for making them smile. They felt, as they felt of no other writer, that he was one of them, that he spoke for and to them. He was greater than any of his books, all of which are flawed. (Even the best of them, "Huckleberry Finn," cheats, as Ernest Hemingway put it, at the end.) The "Autobiography," no matter what arrangement is found for it, is badly flawed, but it is worth reading because the man is in it.

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Search for a World All Men Want

***"What We Are For," by Arthur Larson** (Harper. 173 pp. $2.95), attempts to delineate the American credo. The former USIA chief's primer is examined by Stuart Chase, author of "Some Things Worth Knowing."*

By Stuart Chase

IF YOU stop almost any American on the street and ask, "What are we against?" he will reply smartly, "Communism." If you ask him, "What are we for?" he will probably say: "Well, uh, that's a tough one. Freedom, I guess, maybe . . . I'll have to think about that one."

Mr. Larson, author of "A Republican Looks at His Party," and occasional speech writer for President Eisenhower, has been doing some intensive thinking about that one. He has come up with an answer in this short, crisply written book, which, for my money, makes a great deal of sense. It isn't very new to old compensatory-economy hands like your reviewer; now and again he lapses into the style of college debaters, setting up strawmen to knock over—but mostly he makes sense.

He makes sense because his fundamental assumptions are those with which men of good will and intelligence must agree, namely:

1. That human beings everywhere have common wants and drives. He does not quote the anthropologists, but this they have proved true with their catalogue of universals found in every society.

2. That the atomic age demands *identification*—the author's key word—with other human beings everywhere, if the race is to survive. Russians and Chinese are not grotesques from outer space but people like us.

He goes on to define universal economic and political needs as "enterprise democracy," something not far from what we now have in the U.S. This point seems somewhat debatable when one thinks of the antics of Madison Avenue and its promotion of planned obsolescence, but certain behavior patterns, common to all open societies here and abroad, do indeed point the way to the good life for *all* human societies.

The best short definition I ever heard of the open society was given by the late Maury Maverick. "It's a place," he said, "where you have free speech and groceries." Mr. Larson defines it at greater length as a place where no one man or group runs the show—no king, prelate, dictator, or monolithic party. In an open society "pluralism" flourishes; a number of power centers check each other. In the U.S. we find the Government checked by Big Business and Big Labor. This is the principle which Galbraith has well documented and called "countervailing power." No one of these centers can dominate the Republic for long; the others—we can include Big Agriculture—gang up on it.

The open society of today follows the advice of Lincoln in encouraging the Government to do *what business cannot or will not do.* This means, says Larson, a mixed economy, the middle road. The Government makes plans for full employment, for the control of inflation, for conservation, social security, health services, education for all, development of atomic energy, allocation of airways and radio waves, and a wide variety of regulations, subsidies, and special services. He calculates that these activities account for about 20 per cent of all U.S. manpower. Few of them, however, fall under the head of classical Socialism, "the ownership and operation of the principal and operation of the principal means of production." Open societies, spurred by technology, have progressed far beyond anything Marx or Ricardo dreamed of.

Our author is trying to see the economy as it actually is, unencumbered with the ideology of either the NAM or the Communist Party. He is trying to get above the sordid rows between "Republicans" and "Democrats," between "Left" and "Right," "Labor" and "Capital," "We" and "They": above all the frayed and tawdry stereotypes which divide mankind in this most ominous period. He urges us to foresake the narrow view and take the broad, and shows by five striking examples how the narrow view corrupts. If we lose our democracy, he says, it will be because of the me-first boys.

Some of us have been saying this sort of thing for quite a while, but it cannot be said too often. When Larson turns to foreign policy, furthermore, he can leave the A.D.A. behind. After a ceremonial brushing-off of Marx, Lenin, and Communist dogma generally, he takes a hard look at Russians and finds them now following a number of the patterns which characterize the West. He notes especially the development of science and technology, universal education, high productivity—at least for capital goods—decentralization of industry, the use of salary incentives.

We should encourage, he says, "every tendency from whatever source and under whatever label" which brings nearer the kind of world that all men want. We should —hold your hat—welcome sound technical aid to underdeveloped nations, no matter from *which side* of the Iron Curtain it comes! It helps mankind. We should promote negotiation on all levels, the rule of law, the World Court, a stronger United Nations. We should work unremittingly for people-to-people understanding—exchange of scientists, *tourismo,* international geophysical years, friendly competition in the arts and sports. Let us take 5,000 Russian freshmen into our colleges, not five.

Unless we are for some such program as this, says Mr. Larson, and devote ourselves to it, we may "see the whole story end with a few sick and deformed creatures crawling about on a charred, reeking, radioactive cinder that once was a world."

Arthur Larson—"Russians and Chinese are not grotesques."

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U.S. Interpreted

"Out of Our Past: The Forces that Shaped Modern America," by Carl N. Degler *(Harper. 484 pp. $6), breaks out of the patterns and literary molds that have frequently cramped the evaluation of United States history. David M. Potter, who finds it refreshing, is professor of American history at Yale, the author of "People of Plenty," and a contributor to the recent "The American Style."*

By David M. Potter

CARL N. DEGLER, an assistant professor of history at Vassar who never published a book before, has accomplished the not inconsiderable feat of writing what is just about the best single-volume interpretation of American history now extant. It bears the title "Out of Our Past: The Forces that Shaped Modern America," and it is aptly named, for it is not a comprehensive résumé of our long history, but rather an account of the development of the issues, the conditions, and the values which concern us today.

> To put it simply [says Mr. Degler], this book seeks an answer to the question "How did Americans get to be the way they are in the middle of the twentieth century?" . . . The multitudinous events of the American past are here seen through the lens of the present. Admittedly, much of the material usually included in the story of America is missing in such an approach.

No statement could be more true, for on this journey several carloads of factual baggage, sanctioned by countless textbook repetitions, are left on a siding. Mr. Degler has discarded not only the old orthodoxy of political history, which made a litany of the Presidential succession and intoned catalogues of laws and battles, but also the new orthodoxy of intellectual history, with its ritual sequences from Emerson to Melville to Twain, and of economic history, which also has its own set patterns.

His originality, however, lies not in a rejection of the work of other historians, for much of the value of his book lies in the fact that it serves as an introduction to recent American historical thought. Although Degler does not hesitate to challenge other writers, as for instance in questioning Oscar and Mary Handlin's version of the origins of the slave system in colonial Virginia, he repeatedly introduces by name and adopts the ideas of his fellow-historians. What is distinctive in his treatment is the fact that, while he is deeply influenced by prevailing ideas, he is very little influenced by the patterns and literary molds within which these ideas have been customarily contained. He uses the ideas to illuminate a story as he independently conceives it. As a result, his handling of familiar topics has a freshly-minted quality and an impact of novelty. Seasoned readers of American history who have been over the tracks many times can follow his discussions of the role of immigration, of changes in religion, of the place of women in American life, of the essential mildness of Reconstruction, of racial attitudes, of the growth of a sense of American identity, of what has happened to the family, without the usual haunting sense that they have been there before.

By the wholesale jettison of proper nouns and factual details, the author has cleared his decks to concentrate upon the interpretation rather than the mere rehearsal of our past. This sustained concern with interpretation, giving perspective and significance to every item of fact which is mentioned, is the essence of the book. In this quest for meaning, no single thesis receives predominant emphasis. No economic determinism, no preoccupation with the frontier, bestrides the story. But certain points of view are basic. One of the most important of these is the conviction that ideas—the beliefs and values of the people, rather than the formulations of great thinkers—exercise a force that sometimes transcends "immediate self-interest or the socioeconomic character of the society." Certain ideas, such as equality, opportunity, and democratic government, are, Mr. Degler believes, "as American as big flashy automobiles or indoor plumbing."

Where a book ranges as widely and interprets as freely as does "Out of Our Past," every reader is likely to find some sections which he favors over others, and no reader is likely to come away without disagreeing somewhere. But even when the reader dissents, he is, I think, very likely to feel that he knows no other interpretation of the American experience quite so thoughtful and fresh, so broad and at the same time so convincing, as this.

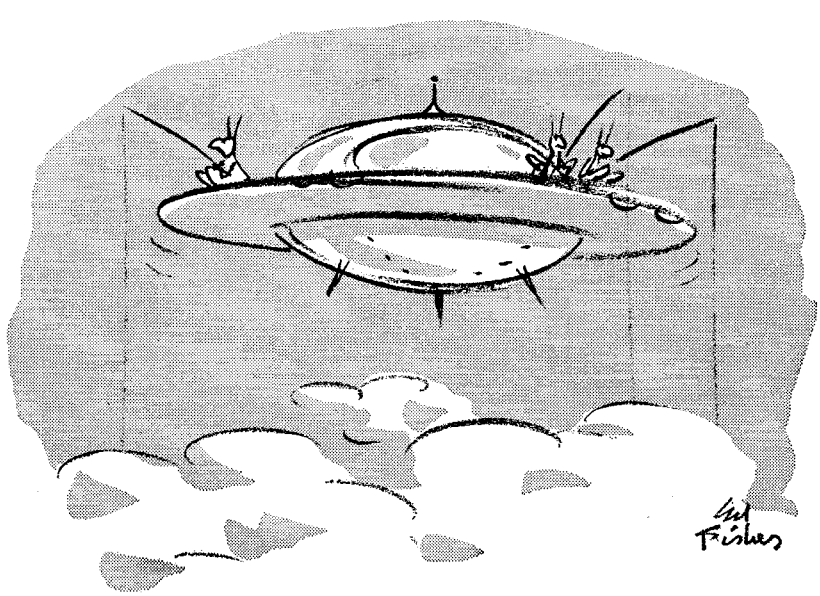
March of Boots

"Ribbon Creek: The Marine Corps on Trial," by Brigadier General William B. McKean, U. S. Marine Corps, Ret. *(Dial. 534 pp. $5), is a detailed account, by one of the responsible officers, of the so-called Parris Island "death march." Lynn Montross, who evaluates the report, is editor and co-author of the five-volume history "U. S. Marine Operations in Korea."*

By Lynn Montross

WHEN institutions are on trial, it is customary to clean house by sweeping the dirt under the rug. That was not the procedure of the United States Marine Corps when six recruits died as a consequence of a drill instructor's disciplinary measure. The Marines brought into the open the issue of their training methods, and this book is a personal account by the former colonel in command, retired Brigadier General William B. McKean.

The title refers to a shallow tidal stream behind the rifle butts of the



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Marine base on Parris Island, S.C. The accused man, Staff Sergeant Matthew C. McKeon, was a "D.I."—a drill instructor putting new recruits through their basic training. On the Sunday evening of April 8, 1956, he marched his platoon of seventy-eight "Boots" into Ribbon Creek and six of them drowned.

Headlines of the next few days told a shocking story. Not only had the D.I. taken an unauthorized disciplinary action; he confessed to having indulged in several drinks of vodka early that afternoon while on duty.

General Randolph McCall Pate, four-star commandant of the Marine Corps, did not apply the traditional coat of whitewash. He assured the gentlemen of the press that no attempt would be made to influence or restrict their findings. He emphasized, moreover, that "the Marine Corps is on trial for the tragedy of Ribbon Creek just as surely as is Sergeant McKeon."

The commandant answered questions freely before the House Armed Services Committee and testified at the accused D.I.'s trial, which continued all summer. Justice was tempered with dramatics by Emile Zola Berman, the New York lawyer who defended McKeon without compensation. From April to October *The New York Times* alone published news stories on sixty-three days, including nineteen which made the front page. Nothing like it had been known since General Billy Mitchell's court martial in 1925.

McKeon was acquitted of manslaughter but found guilty of drinking on duty. He was sentenced to a bad conduct discharge, reduction to the rank of private, and forfeiture of $30 a month during confinement for nine months.

GENERAL McKean's side of the story is told in the 534 discursive and rambling pages of his book. As the veteran colonel in charge of the training battalion on Parris Island, he was relieved of his command a few weeks before his long-scheduled retirement. Hence his book is a personal and opinionated summation, in which he speaks his mind candidly about his late military superiors, few of whom meet with his entire approval.

The trial of the Marine Corps itself was conducted by newspaper editorial writers. In general they praised the discipline that made possible the magnificent Marine combat record of World War II and Korea. It was held unfortunate that six young men had to die as victims of training credited with saving the lives of hundreds, since the undisciplined man is in the

(*Continued on page* 37)

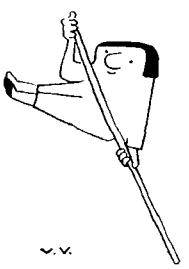
FICTION

Toddler on Life's Tightrope

"Acrobat Admits," by Alfred Grossman *(Braziller. 284 pp. $3.50), is a first novel, whose young protagonist is another of modern fiction's unheroic heroes. Stanley Kauffmann, who is a film critic for the* New Republic *and the author of several novels, reviews the book for* SR.

By Stanley Kauffmann

THERE is a group of postwar novels—distinct from the "beats"—that deal with smooth, well-educated young men whose true life is interior and secret even from the women they love, who despise their world, and whose norm of behavior is masquerade. Their dialogue is bright with wit and erudition, they are intellectually superior to their female friends (who pant for them), and they act with an antimorality intended to elicit our sympathy because we must see that antimorality is the only course for the undeceived. Warren Miller's "The Way We Live Now," William Fain's "The Lizard's Tail," even J. P. Donleavy's "The Ginger Man" (of Dublin and London) are members of the group, and now Alfred Grossman's first novel joins them, but at a considerably lower level of accomplishment.



"Acrobat Admits," which takes its title from a newspaper headline, is the first-person confession of Willard Altheim, who is more juggler than acrobat. He is a twentyish, attractive New Yorker, modestly successful, and hopeless. Life stretches before him not like an opportunity but a sentence. To distract himself, he becomes involved simultaneously with two girls, Cairo Joy and Stephanie. The first is a slightly bovine *bourgeoise*, the second a Viennese refugee with a bomb scar down her cheek. (They are, like much in this book, putatively symbolic.) He gets engaged to the first but falls in love with the second, and "Acrobat Admits" concludes with the violence he uses to extricate himself from this dilemma—an ending incredible even in the vein of macabre farce which Mr. Grossman tries to establish.

The basic trouble with books like this is that they usually seem extemporized. An intelligent young man with some gift for language sits down in a fine flow of low spirits and starts to fire brisk fusillades against his fate. But this surge never quite lasts long enough. Sooner or later the lack of artistic plan makes the author pump hard to keep going; the wit sags into facetiousness, the penetration into dormitory flug, and the rhapsodic story-line into creaky contrivance. Sometimes (as in Donleavy's book) the antihero manages to win us to his side, so that the larger the rock he heaves at top hats, the louder we cheer. But Grossman's Willard is so studiously superior and so doggedly funny that before long he makes us feel like irate uncles who would like to give him a good caning, sir.

Some of the love scenes with Stephanie are touching; a sharp poke at Kerouac is telling. Mr. Grossman is particularly good with Middle Europeans: Stephanie's father and his friend are well drawn. And there is a good scene in which Willard goes to his prospective sister-in-law's neat suburban house for a neat dinner. He sees his doom dramatized before him, and as he hears the cellophane closing in, he imagines various catastrophic things that might happen. They are not fantasies in which he is a Walter Mitty-type hero, they are situations with *reality* in them, in which he can feel real anguish, real horror, real struggle, not the pre-packed, bite-size existence he sees ahead of him.

BUT the book withers as it goes. Willard's only *modus vivendi* is deception: deceiving Cairo Joy about marrying her, her brother about an unbelievable plot, Stephanie about his identity; because deception, the intellectual equivalent of the practical joke, is the only way he can feel superior and make his life interesting. It does not make him interesting. And the latter patches of intellectual display and Perelman nightmare do not save a novel whose people continually diminish in reality. They are betrayed by their author's lack of design in story and theme. In life, despair may be chaotic; in art, it has as rigid an esthetic as cheery optimism.

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Go Go and Girls

"Cricket Smith," by Monte Linkletter *(Harper. 308 pp. $3.95), is a novel about the painful, hilarious, and touching business of growing up. Nathaniel Benchley is a short story writer and novelist, whose latest book is "One to Grow On."*

By Nathaniel Benchley

ONE of the most difficult types of novel to write is that which purports to be the reminiscences of a teen-age boy. It requires a sure ear, a deft sense of humor, a deep understanding of the problems and fantasies that beset these harried creatures caught in the vacuum between boyhood and manhood, and it also requires an extra touch of what, for lack of a better word, can only be called magic. Among the recent writers, J. D. Salinger and Robert Lewis Taylor have been able to work this magic (although Taylor had the Gold Rush and several hundred Indians in his corner as well), but not many other names come immediately to mind.

All of which is a roundabout way of saying that Monte Linkletter's "Cricket Smith" has just about everything except the indefinable quality that makes a superior teen-age novel. It is warm, it is amusing, and it has its share of social satire and broad, slapstick farce; it may, in fact, have such a profusion of elements that it tends occasionally to sag under the very mass of their numbers. Whatever its faults might be (and brevity is by no means one of them), it has most of the attributes necessary to please admirers of this genre.

It tells of the coming-to-manhood of Cricket Smith, an orphan who lives with his clergyman uncle in a small town in Iowa. Cricket and his friends (Fatso Lumly, Stinking and Drooling Swartz, Snick Phibbs, and Hopeless MacGuire, to name just a few) are torn between, on the one hand, the local girls, whose charms they are tentatively and fumblingly beginning to explore, and, on the other hand, the coach of their church baseball team, Go Go Boff, who holds the insane belief that fifty push-ups are better for a boy than a short scuffle with a girl on the parlor sofa. Go Go is obviously fighting a losing battle from the start, and to the dismay of the congregation he fields one of the most inept baseball teams in the history of the parochial leagues. Gradually, the spirit of Christian brotherhood is replaced by a burning desire to smash the other denominations—a desire that burns more fiercely in the breasts of the spectators than in the players—and the upshot is an interfaith Donnybrook of such staggering proportions that the baseball program is abandoned altogether.

From this, Cricket learns something of the hypocrisy of the adult world, but his maturing process is much more significantly speeded by his romance with Madgey Evans, a talented and beautiful girl from The Wrong Side of the Tracks, with whom he accomplishes the ticklish feat of conceiving a child in a canoe. Her eventual departure from his life leaves him wiser, more thoughtful, and with a nervous apprehension of what next may be in store for him. He is, in short, no longer a child; he is a full-grown, frightened adult. His ultimate desire, which is to be an invulnerable, immutable, cigar-store Indian, is a desire shared by a lot of older and more experienced people than Cricket Smith.

SOCIETY CRIED, "SAVAGES": In Peter S. Jennison's novel, **"The Mimosa Smokers"** (Crowell, $3.50), four young children met in Juan-les-Pins and choked on little clay pipes filled with dried mimosa buds and hoped for an intangible that didn't eventuate. Turi and Roz Cave, orphaned that year, and Carol Chase were brought to France by Carol's mother, and there they met Hugh Seton, illegitimate and "unrecognized" son of a British politician. The too shockable, smaller-than-life society presented to us at the beginning of the book cried, "Savages"; and Hugh, with a Nanny in hot pursuit, was finally whisked away from the "corrupting" influence of his new friends.

Turi, Roz, and Carol return home to Rhinebeck, New York, where Turi's and Roz's parents have left them a house and many unresolved conflicts. As they grow up, one has the pleasure of seeing an unrealistic and sometimes inarticulate book gather meaning and stature. Hugh is now a painter, living in Paris. He makes few moral judgments; but his social emancipation only enlivens the somewhat bizarre trap in which he frolics. Carol's avowed dedication to freedom is exchanged early in life for security and, one suspects, power. Neither Roz nor Turi can grow beyond their house and its riddle of early love and rejection. In the midst of the fire that destroys the house, Roz's incestuous longings toward her brother reach the surface.

The nature of these emotionally disturbed lives is never really probed or shaped, although a perfunctory twentieth-century romp around the psyche is made. When the mimosa smokers are reunited at the end of the book, one sees clearly how destructive, toward themselves and toward others, are these human beings whose sources and outlets for love have been tampered with. By this time, Mr. Jennison has gained momentum noticeably.

—MARJORIE WELTNER.

CIRCUS MYSTIQUE: A few years back, when Henry Miller was best known as the author of "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn," it would have seemed as likely for him to produce a mystical fairy tale as it would for the devil to be author of the Bible. But one devil, at least—Voltaire—produced another mystical-philosophical fantasy, "Candide," so Miller should not be considered out

(*Continued on page* 37)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TIP THAT TONGUE!

Every character, incident, or passage noted below is to be found in one of the paired titles. Please determine which one. Answers on page 39.

1. Is the Jabberwock in "Alice" or "Looking-Glass"?
2. Is Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals" or "The School for Scandal"?
3. Is Samson in Joshua or Judges?
4. Is Elizabeth Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice" or "Sense and Sensibility"?
5. Is Parson Adams in "Joseph Andrews" or "Tom Jones"?
6. Is the Lord's Prayer in Matthew or Mark?
7. Is Sairey Gamp in "David Copperfield" or "Martin Chuzzlewit"?
8. Is Lennie Small in "The Grapes of Wrath" or "Of Mice and Men"?
9. Is Philip Carey in "Cakes and Ale" or "Of Human Bondage"?
10. Is Injun Joe in "Huckleberry Finn" or "Tom Sawyer"?
11. Is Michael Henchard in "Far from the Madding Crowd" or "The Mayor of Casterbridge"?
12. Is Reginald Bunthorne in "Patience" or "The Pirates of Penzance"?

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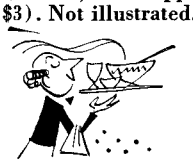
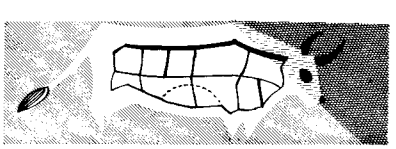
SR GOES TO THE KITCHEN

Travel has toned up our taste buds; our palate is acquiring breadth and discernment. That America is becoming a melting pot for cosmopolitan viands is nowhere more evident than in the cookbooks published during the past several months. Because, by and large, these will be bought by the help-less, their practicability is assessed below by SR's *working wives and spinsters.*

THE BOOK	THE RECIPES	TOOLS, SKILL, TEXT	OPINION
"Polish Cookery: The Universal Cook Book," by Marja Ochorowicz-Monatowa (Crown, 300 pp. $3). Not illustrated. 	Excerpts from the "bible" of Polish cookery, first published at the turn of the century, this version has been translated and adapted by Jean Karsavina. Included are such delicacies as fruit soups, stuffed herring, and calf's lungs in wine sauce. The recipes (generally for 6 to 8), are Hungarian, German, Italian, French, Jewish, Russian, and Mideastern, as well as indigenous. And if you've always wanted an egg in your beer, directions are included.	The competent cook will suffer no anxiety with these dishes, provided guests are not due in a half hour. Characteristic ingredients in the many hearty dishes are Maggi extract, soy sauce, dill, sour cream, juniper berries, and caraway seeds. A preface explains the Polish approach to food and traces various influences, but there's no superfluous gabbing.	A good source for zesty Eastern European dishes not found in the average cookbook, offering as well an introduction to the Polish language. For instance, *Zupa Pomidorowa* is *Minestra Pomidoro* in Italian. And anyone knows that's tomato broth.
"Beer and Good Food," by Myra Waldo (Doubleday. 264 pp. $3.95). Few decorative illustrations.	International dishes, mostly meant to be eaten with beer as a beverage. Everything from appetizers to dessert, but heavy on the calories. Most recipes serve 6 to 8 people.	Recipes do not take much time or skill. The bulk require beer; many use large amounts of heavy cream and butter. Provides interesting material on the history of beer and its uses from the time of the Babylonians, when it was part of the religious rites.	This book is especially interesting to men, since its recipes are virile and filling.
"Cooking Afloat," by Katherine Pinkerton (Barrows. 264 pp. $3.50). Amusing line drawings of the sea-chef precede each chapter.	350 recipes for use aboard a cruiser based on canned and processed foods. Cornish game hens and zabaglione are included for the gourmet. 	Selected from trial-and-error experiences of Mrs. Pinkerton, recipes require average cooking skill—much patience if galley space is limited. A detailed guide for equipment is provided. Information covers everything from galley gear (sticking to the necessary and most compact items for a cruiser) to stowage and ship's stores. Scintillating anecdotes offer good reading while the "soup's on." A good deal of research has been done on general food for aboard a cruiser.	Invaluable to the seafaring man or woman who cannot properly organize a galley. Recommended for voyages lasting several days or weeks, though suggestions are provided for week-end cruising. Many a career woman with a small kitchen will also find this book useful.
"Treadway Inns Cookbook," by Ann Roe Robbins (Little, Brown. $5). Inside covers contain road maps showing where you will find Treadway Inns.	Treadway Inns are known for old-fashioned hospitality, good cheer, and a cuisine that is legendary. Mouth-watering dishes such as Spring Mountain Trout on water cress with almond butter, skillet corn bread, and desserts for the discriminating bring the secrets of chefs into your home. A chapter on beverages includes the recipe for the famous "Syllabub." Proportioned for 4 or more.	Recipes have been adapted for family uses, and the accuracy of each guarantees successful results for even the inept. Basic tools and ingredients. A short but concise report on wines has been included; the general information is excellent, and each chapter is interspersed with fascinating peeks into the kitchens of the Inns, as well as accounts of legends which surround them.	If you have been to a Treadway Inn you will remember the wonderful game dishes and tasty Frogs' Legs Chablis—yes, these are included. Your rating as a cook will rise after a workout with this book.

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Five Gourmets in Search of Good Food

From Paris to the Pacific, Epicurus Is Exalted

ALICE B. TOKLAS, who was born in San Francisco, has lived in France for over half a century. She has been interested in fine foods for even longer than that. Her cardboard box of choice recipes dates back to her girlhood when, in a wealthy household, she early acquired Epicurean tastes. As friend and companion to Gertrude Stein, Miss Toklas earned her reputation as a great cook in a country where such accolades are not easily won. Miss Stein recalls those years when the art world of Paris trickled into their Left Bank apartment as a time when "Miss Stein wrote and talked, Miss Toklas cooked and talked." Although Miss Toklas has conceded to the electric blender, the recipes in her "Aromas and Flavors" are as exquisite as ever.

CALVIN LEE is the young proprietor of New York's oldest Chinese restaurant, located in the heart of Chinatown. He is also an international lawyer. When his father died, Calvin, then seventeen years old and a student at Columbia University, became the head of the family and of "Lee's," the restaurant which his grandfather founded in 1892. He balanced his academic duties with his restaurant chores so well that he became president of his class at Columbia. His interest in food and his knowledge of Oriental cuisine are prodigious. In "Chinese Cooking for American Kitchens," Lee imparts the secrets of delicacies, recorded by his grandfather on scraps of rice paper and, until now, well guarded by the Lee family.

MYRA WALDO will go anywhere in search of a good recipe. As the author of numerous best-selling cookbooks, among them the popular "The Complete Round-the-World Cookbook," Miss Waldo has toured the globe twice, stopping off at some eighty countries to collect the secrets of the local cuisine. She has traveled throughout the Orient, visited Africa on a safari, and journeyed to the Soviet Union, where she interrupted the cold war to swap favorite recipes with Russian housewives. (She liked their borscht and they, in turn, were astounded by her ham-and-eggs.) Her latest cookbook, "Beer and Good Food," is the result of an overseas trip, when Miss Waldo discovered that in many countries beer is for more than merely drinking.

RAYMOND CAMP has spent most of his life far from the kitchen. For twenty years he worked for *The New York Times*, first as a reporter and later as "Wood, Field and Stream" columnist. His hunting and fishing radio program and his books about surf-fishing, guns, and duck-shooting have won him a large audience among outdoormen. As a hunter, fisherman, pilot, and explorer, Camp has traveled from the north woods to the South Seas, during which time he collected, along with his own quota of game, a wide variety of recipes. From among his fellow hunters, Camp has gleaned prize recipes which he has compiled in his "Game Cookery," in the hope that his advice might help to turn good hunters into equally good cooks.

ELENA ZELAYETA learned to make empanadas and tortillas about forty years ago in her native Mexican village. She married and came to California where her husband owned one of San Francisco's best-known Mexican restaurants. After her husband's death, Elena lost her eyesight. Faced with the problem of supporting her two small sons, she turned to the thing she could do best: cooking. Gradually, "by touch and by ear," she relearned to prepare the Mexican specialties of her girlhood, and has since then taught countless other blind to cook. Her own philosophy of life and of cooking are all but interchangeable. In her new book, "Elena's Secrets of Mexican Cookery," she cautions, "Mix the tortillas with love or they will be bitter."

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THE BOOK	THE RECIPES	TOOLS, SKILL, TEXT	OPINION
"The Art of Fish Cookery," by Milo Miloradovich (Garden City. 402 pp. $2.95) 8 diagrammatic linecut illustrations.	1,280 fish and shell-fish dishes; appetizers, soups, entrées, salads, aspics, sandwiches, stuffings, sauces—the works. Some redundant, others provocative: *e.g.*, combinations of shell with scale fish, juxtapositions of either with fruit and nuts. Average recipe serves 4 to 6.	Time for each recipe indicated—generally short. Directions, including how to decapitate a live turtle, easily followed, assuming no inhibitions. As expected from the author of "The Art of Cooking with Herbs and Spices," these pepping agents are *sine qua non*. Descriptions of a dizzying variety of fish and crustaceans.	Despite considerable repetition of what are essentially the same recipes, this book is worth twice its price for its wealth of succulent, unhackneyed ways to prepare fish.
"Ways to Wonderful Food: A Picture Cookbook," by the Editors of *Life* (Time, Inc.—Prentice-Hall. 292 pp. $13.50 for book, $2 for card file index). Magnificent color illustrations.	This truly beautiful volume is a showcase for delicious foods from all over the world. The recipes, from some of the finest chefs of our times, are classified according to category — French, Italian, Oriental.	Some recipes are simple to prepare while others require a good deal of time, patience, and experience. However, directions are clear and concise. Because of the great variety of foods discussed, there are those which require spices, wines, and brandies which are not found in the average household. Yet, much of the book deals with foods in the ordinary larder.	This book is imaginative and interesting, although its size makes it difficult to handle in the average kitchen. The editors have, therefore, considerately provided a card file of the recipes.
"Alexandre Dumas' Dictionary of Cuisine," edited, abridged, and translated by Louis Colman (Simon & Schuster. 282 pp. $4.95). Decorative illustrations.	This is not a recipe book in the ordinary sense. M. Dumas, who was born very poor and made his fortune by writing about 500 novels, took an extraordinary interest in gastronomy. He wrote a series of definitions of foods and their histories, together with anecdotes. Here he offers unusual recipes sans precise instructions.	Since so much is left to the imagination, skill and leisure are important. The ingredients are fairly difficult, in some cases impossible, to come by. This book is of great interest as far as general comments are concerned. It provides much history in its anecdotes, and gives an intimate view of high society in the France of M. Dumas' era.	For the average housewife this is not the ideal cookbook, but for the average reader it is a delight.
"The New Pennsylvania Dutch Cook Book," by Ruth Hutchinson (Harper. 238 pp. $3.95).	Pennsylvania Dutch, also many Moravian dishes. Directions and amounts are exact, often giving 3 or 4 versions of the same dish. Even so, the imaginative cook can conjure up further variations. Recipes serve 6 to 8.	Many recipes take a good deal of time and some experience. For the most part, ingredients are easily available, although many recipes call for all manner of spices. A short historical introduction, but by and large the book is devoted to recipes.	This is an excellent book for the mother of a family. The dishes are nourishing and easily stretched to feed a group.
"The Slim Gourmet's Soup Book," by Martin Lederman (Dutton. 150 pp. $2.95).	More than 500 soups prepared by combining the contents of five basic cans: tomato, consomme, chicken, vegetable, clam chowder.	All you need is a can-opener and a larder filled with tinned soups. A supplementary text warns about the do's and don'ts of soup cookery: *i.e.*, don't serve pea soup in a blue-and-rose bowl. Various wheel charts mix and match the soups.	You probably won't win a *Cordon Bleu* for even the most expert can-opener cookery; but for the jiffy chef the hints are helpful.
"Kirsty's Secrets," by Marguerite Alexander (John F. Blair. 210 pp. $3.75). Not illustrated.	Scottish fare from shortbread to Cock-a-Leekie Broth, with accent on pastry items from the "Land o' Lakes." Caloric content is moderate, though several dishes require large amounts of butter. Most serve 4, 6, or more.	Many facile recipes requiring little preparation, but a beginner might be confused by the way in which they are presented. Difficult terminology is defined in the glossary. Readily obtainable items within the average budget. Oatmeal, a major one, is used in many desserts, main dishes, and soups. Recipes combined with memories of life in the Highlands.	Though story content competes with a number of recipes, those interested in a pleasant journey through the Highlands of Scotland with a superstitious Scottish lass will enjoy this book.
"Gastronominique," by Ida Bailey Allen (Doubleday. 334 pp. $4.95). Simple illustrations preceding each chapter.	Simplified guide to gourmet cookery, which includes foods from many lands. Recipes have been standardized for connoisseur methods. Chapters contain casserole dishes, curries, kebabs and rechauffés, soups, fish, and desserts. Most have high-calorie content but are worth the risk of an added pound. Serve 6.	Amateur or expert will like preparing these dishes. Many can be done the day before. Serving dishes, with hints as to color and pattern, suggested by the author. A chapter on wine service and information on spice and herbs, a glossary on culinary terminology, and a list of stores which carry hard-to-find items are included.	Clear, stimulating recipes for every amateur chef determined to be creative. Experienced cooks will find many new dishes to add to their culinary achievements.
"A Belgian Cookbook: A Sampling of Belgium's Regional Dishes," by Juliette Elkon (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 215 pp. $3.95). Not illustrated.	Tasty concoctions from Brussels; Flanders, Antwerp, and the Kempen; Tournai, Mons, and the Borinage; Liege, Namur, and the Ardenne ranging from brain balls and buttermilk soup to chocolate mouse, beer waffles, and black sausage (you'll need ¾ pt. pig's blood). Lavish with Béchamel sauce, heavy cream, butter. Average recipe for 4.	Not for the novice or the nervous, but aside from a flan ring, no especial equipment needed. Gamut of spices, herbs, wines (even gin and Scotch) are incorporated, with emphasis on cabbage, potatoes, Canadian bacon. Save for game, most ingredients easily obtained. The five sections are introduced by a look at the respective regions' history and culture.	There are enough workable novelties for the educated enzymes, as well as new treatments of old staples, to justify the book's purchase.
"Chinese Cooking for the American Kitchen," by Calvin Lee (Putnam. 190 pp. $3.50).	150 Chinese dishes ranging from the familiar egg roll to the festive winter melon soup (cooked and served in the melon itself).	The cooking itself doesn't take much more than 6 minutes per dish—but the preparation does. The secret, says Mr. Lee, is in the slicing. Once you get the knack of this, the rest is a breeze. A guide lists ingredients (some recipes call for 12 or more) and where to find them.	Mr. Lee has presented an unusual and varied cuisine that has little to do with the chop-suey-chow-mein genre of Chinese cookery.

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Overheard at the Listening Post

WARSAW may be one of the grimmest and grayest cities in the world in terms of physical appearance and the condition of its people. But it is full of intellectual and political electricity. It is a traffic hub for men and ideas; a place where two contrasting worlds meet and indeed overlap; a trading center for differing viewpoints.

Just in the lobby of our hotel, in the short period of a few days, I saw or met a cultural delegation from India; the publisher of a New York newspaper and a medical mission from the United States; a party of journalists from China; a French novelist; a theatrical troupe from Moscow; and a group of scientists from East Germany. Adding to the busy intellectual atmosphere was the active interest of one's Polish hosts about the outside world. All these facts combine to make Warsaw a concourse of ideas and one of the world's most productive listening posts. There follows a random sampling of opinion, conjecture, and suggestion recently heard at that post:

► Boris Pasternak's cause is far from lost in the Soviet Union. Mr. Khrushchev is said to have read "Dr. Zhivago" in an attempt to find out what all the literary shooting is about, and he now feels that altogether too much pother has been made of supposed ideological deviations about the Russian Revolution in the book. He is supposed to believe that the unfavorable world public opinion resulting from the episode far outweighs any possible harm that could have come from the unobstructed acceptance of the Nobel Prize by Mr. Pasternak, or from the book itself. (So far as the Poles are concerned, the debate over "Zhivago" is somewhat academic; the book is not available in a Polish edition. A few copies in English are now being circulated. Visiting Americans who bring copies with them are being eagerly petitioned by Polish friends.)

► A Chinese journalist's comments on the attitude of his countrymen towards the American people: "Here in Poland you have probably noticed great friendliness towards America. When you travel in the Soviet Union, you will find pretty much the same attitude. But in China today you would be astounded at the general hostility towards Americans. Why are the people so bitter about you? They are bitter for the same reason you would have been bitter if a nation had tried to block your own revolution by giving guns to the other side, and then, for years after the revolution was over, continued sending guns to the old order in an attempt to reverse the decision. Do the Chinese people make a distinction between the American people and their government? Not any more. By this time, if the American people don't know what's happening, it's their own fault. They must accept the responsibility for the violent intervention in our affairs by their government. We Chinese feel you Americans have declared war on us. It is natural we should want to fight back."

► One of the major developments of recent history, largely unnoticed, is the gradual but seeming inexorable shift in the ideological center of gravity in world Communism from Moscow to Peiping. The leaders of the Soviet Union have been increasingly preoccupied with national problems and their nation's posture in the world theatre of power politics. The proletarian struggle in other countries is measured not only in terms of its revolutionary significance but in terms of its effect on the Soviet's world position. The Chinese Communist leaders, on the other hand, are still in the full flush of a Marxist revolutionary experience. They see themselves in a central role of a world revolutionary drama. Naturally, they are not ignoring national problems but their context is still primarily Marxist. Mao Tse-tung, head of the Chinese Communist Party, is probably the foremost Marxist theoretician now alive. Not since Lenin has the Communist world known a political leader who has interpreted Marx with such authority, as witness Mao's many writings on the modern class struggle.

Lending increased significance to the new ideological centrality of Peiping is the fact that the world's largest national population—now almost three times that of the Soviet Union—resides in China, which is well on its way to becoming the first state in human history with more than a billion people. Although China is still far under the Soviet Union in terms of industrial production, scientific achievement, living standards, and military power, it is now engaged in a massive forward thrust in all these fields. All these varied facts add up to one of the most important world developments in the past century. It will be especially interesting to observe the future relations between China and the Soviet Union—indeed, between China and the rest of the world.

* * *

ONE comes away from Warsaw more convinced than ever before that if the American people are interested in holding their own in the world it may be necessary to abandon some illusions. One illusion is that what we are saying is getting through to people. Another illusion is that our approaches and our arguments are relevant. Neither is the case. What we have been saying and doing seem diffused and murky. It lacks punch. It hasn't appealed to the moral imagination. We haven't been leading any historical parades; we've been making some forays from the sidelines.

Where we stand is not merely the product of government policy. It is the total reflection of our concerns and our actions as a people. When the American *people* decide that our relationships to other peoples and our responsibilities to the future are the most important business before us as individuals, we will have the beginings of an effective foreign policy and not before. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FUNDS FOR LAPINS

I WAS DELIGHTED to read that you are planning to bring eight more Lapins to this country (*SR*, Jan. 24). We now have three in our city. They not only are an asset to the community, but an inspiration to us all. Since you have given your readers credit for their participation in the project by responding to the needs of the first group, I feel sure that you need funds for the second group as well. Enclosed is my contribution which I hope will encourage others to step forward and help.

PHYLLIS HARVEY.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Some additional funds are now needed and would be most gratefully received. Checks should be made payable to "Ravensbrueck Lapins" and sent to the* Saturday Review, *25 W. 45 Street, New York 36, N.Y.*

OUT OF FOCUS?

IT WOULD BE difficult to imagine a more insipid group of photographs than the ones awarded prizes in your 1958 Travel Contest (*SR*, Jan. 10). Their selection only can have been made by judges either ignorant of or opposed to everything good that has been done in the entire history of photography.

BYRON DOBELL.

New York, N.Y.

PLEASED WITH ISSUE

THANKS FOR YOUR beautiful and interesting photo/travel issue.

MARGOT J. NICHOLAUS.

Merriam, Kan.

DIARY OF FRAU ADLON

HOW MY HEART BLEEDS for poor Hedda Adlon (*SR*, Jan. 3) who (she would have us believe) looks back with such deep regret at not having had a Jewish grandmother; at having had to forego the advantage of having the hotel confiscated twenty years ago; being deported; and facing starvation and subsequent death in a gas chamber. Maybe her travels will bring about an encounter with Anne Frank's father some day; he, I am sure, will have suitable words of solace for her.

PETER MORLAND.

San Francisco, Calif.

"MOST UNFORTUNATE"

THE ARTICLE WRITTEN by Horace Sutton, and quoting Frau Adlon, can only be described as shocking. It is perhaps most unfortunate that Frau Adlon was not born Jewish, so that she could have joined some of the 6,000,000 who stood in line waiting to be cremated.

RALPH M. FREYDBERG.

New York, N.Y.

FREEDOM TO TRAVEL

MEMBERS OF THE American Society of Travel Agents, who recently called on our Government to reduce the barriers and restrictions on two-way international travel, will applaud William D. Patterson's editorial, "The Freedom to Travel" (*SR*, Jan. 10). As an international traveler for many years, I find it increasingly difficult to explain abroad our Government's attitude toward the right of its own citizens to travel freely and that of others to visit the United States.

R. W. HEMPHILL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

FEARLESS PHILIP RIDES AGAIN

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU for your choice of a reviewer, and to Philip Wylie for the masterful hatchet job he did on Ursula M. von Eckardt's "The Pursuit of Happiness in the Democratic Creed" (*SR*, Jan. 3). Fearless Philip now has another bloody trophy to add to his collection. Next to the scalp of America's Mom, which has been withering at his belt for some time, he can hang the scalp of an assistant professor of political science at the University of Puerto Rico.

THOMAS F. O'DONNELL.

Utica, N.Y.

MONEY AND INTENTIONS

WILLIAM HALE (*SR*, Jan. 10) presents a good, initial case for the "Millions of Ambassadors." He points out that, as a nation, we have approached the rest of the world with little more than money and a bagful of good intentions. To date, we have failed to realize that other nations and other cultures have much to offer us if we will but take the time and make the effort to be a little receptive. Money and good intentions alone cannot develop friendship or goodwill.

DOUGLAS A. POWELL, JR.

Albuquerque, N.M.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Morituri te salutamus'—whatever THAT means."

BETTER GIVE UP THE SHIP

THERE IS A PICTURE of Matthew Calbraith Perry, brother of Oliver Hazard ("Don't Give Up the Ship") Perry of the Battle of Lake Erie fame in *SR*, Jan. 10. You have the right war, but the wrong body of water, the wrong engagement, and the wrong captain. Off Boston Harbor, on June 1, 1813, the frigate Chesapeake, Captain Jame Lawrence, was defeated by the frigate Shannon, Captain Philip Vere Broke. The dying Lawrence is supposed to have said. "Don't give up the ship." Commander Perry was victorious. He had no need of such a phrase.

FREDERIC N. WEAVER.

Medford, Mass.

OPEN LETTER

OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE CUOMO:

Your poem (*SR*, Jan. 10) brought tears to my eyes—not at learning of death in youth, nor at the reminder that "fire-red sports cars" serve as a compensatory force to so many in our society—but at the horrifying realization that our youth are entrusted to such as you. To think that so many are being influenced by one who has set himself up as the judge of human worth!

SELMA TOUBER.

Lynn, Mass.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Gerontius" with Richard Lewis—Beecham, Böhm

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI brought his productive guest engagement with the New York Philharmonic to an end with the first performances of Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" that have been heard in Carnegie Hall for a quarter of a century. Whatever one may think of the work as a totality, it was a fulfillment of the Philharmonic's function to provide a hearing of it on this high level of artistry. England's best tenor, Richard Lewis, made his local debut in the music of Gerontius, and his excellent vocal effort was closely matched by Morley Meredith and Maureen Forrester.

What one thinks of the work as a totality involves many considerations, resulting either in agreement with Sir John's verbal characterization of it, before the Thursday preview performance, as a "sublime masterpiece," or something less exalted. It is, certainly a score of impressive dimensions and considerable eloquence; it is most eloquent in the moments of intimacy and confidence when the dimensions are least impressive. That is to say I prefer Elgar plain, in his own personal idiom, to his formulation of Wagner derived mostly from "Farsifal."

Barbirolli's convinced, fervent direction set the tone of a presentation that was sustained by his wise choice of soloists, especially Lewis. His belated introduction to New York found him at a high point of excellence as vocalist and artist. The voice buzzed somewhat in moments of stress, but his fine poise and excellent enunciation of the text left no doubt that the talents previously noted in Glyndebourne and Edinburgh continue to expand. Meredith's voice, especially in the low range, is imposing, and Miss Forrester made her alto angel a sonorous one indeed.

The latest appearance of Sir Thomas Beecham in Carnegie Hall made quite clear that it is impossible to keep some good things a secret, such as the pleasures of Mendelssohn, Handel, and Mozart performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under his direction. This combination produced what is possibly the rarest current spectacle in this hall—a capacity audience for an orchestral program lacking a soloist.

To be sure, Sir Thomas now has a chair beside him on the podium to spare a trip to the wings between numbers, but this has nothing to do with his action when active. If the average conductor may be termed the chairman of the bored, Beecham presides as chairman of a board whose membership embraces all the members of the orchestra, with an equal voice in the common endeavor.

This was especially evident in the seven sections of his suite derived from Handel's "The Faithful Shepherd," in which William Kincaid's flute rippled beautifully in the adagio and the horn quartet led by Mason Jones cast a skein of sonority around some delicate passage work in the adagio. In the "Pastorale" it was the turn of the strings, molding phrases with the kind of loving care that can be induced but not commanded. The outcome suggested not merely a meeting of minds, but also an agreement of wills. This being a year both of a Handel and a Beecham anniversary, it is safe to say that neither is quite the same without the other.

However, it would be the same if it were another Mozart year, as Sir Thomas demonstrated in a deft yet robust, flashing yet fulfilling direction of the C major ("Linz") symphony. The orchestral masses were adjusted to the needs of the movements themselves, rather than arbitrarily imposed on the work as a whole (more basses in the first and last movements, fewer in between). Always his superior sense of tonal shading was applied with finger-light distinctions of timbre and texture. The evening began with a shapely statement of Mendelssohn's "Fair Melusine" overture and ended with the Franck symphony. Having been sufficiently nourished by what preceded, I passed up this post-intermission course.

IN A perspective of Metropolitan "Meistersingers," the recent one by Karl Böhm had virtues to affiliate it with the best of recent years: sonority, understanding, and even a degree of fervor. To be sure, the conductor seemed to be well aware from the outset that time was of the essence if he were to accomplish his objective within the four and a half hours allotted from the starting hour of 7:30 to the deadline of midnight (beyond which there would be overtime costs). I doubt, otherwise, that he would have pushed on with the overture at the speed he did, or gotten through the riot scene at the end of Act II as metronomically; his treatment of the lyric episodes, for example, was quite normal in pace and warmly phrased.

In adding the new talents of Karl Doench (Beckmesser), Sebastian Feiersinger (Walther), and Marko Rothmüller (Kothner) to such enduring elements of present day Metropolitan "Meistersinger" casts as Otto Edelmann (Sachs), Giorgio Tozzi (Pogner), Lisa della Casa (Eva), and Paul Franke (David), Böhm composed a blend of homogeneous elements predominantly lyric—which is altogether welcome—but rather light for a theatre of this size. The lightness extended not only to quality of sound, which is permissible, but also to weight of impersonation, which is not. There wasn't a fully formed characterization in the lot (Franke's David comes closest), beginning with the amiable but pedestrian Sachs of Edelmann, and continuing through the well-sung but rather colorless Eva of della Casa, and the negligible Walther of Feiersinger. The good group of guildsmen including Calvin Marsh, Louis Sgarro, Osie Hawkins and Charles Anthony were scaled up, the principals down. Regina Resnik's first 'Lena was typically competent, though a little insistent, dramatically.

Of the new personnel, Doench made the best impression in an artful vocalization of Beckmesser's music, more lyric than is commonly heard, and a character projection of some subtlety. Feiersinger's pleasant voice is too small for this auditorium and he bulges unpictorially in Walther's costumes; however, he gives minimal pain if but modest pleasure. Rothmüller's Kothner is a brilliant solution to an important if limited problem. Altogether, there is not much greatness in Böhm's "Meistersinger," but considerable goodness.

In a difficult week of operagiving that was marred by the unpredictable illness of Dimitri Mitropoulos and the predictable inadequacy of Dimiter Uzenov as Otello, the shining occurrence was the management's bravery in refunding some $11,000 in hand (the house was sold out, but about half preferred not to remain) when Renata Tebaldi was unable to sing her farewell "Manon Lescaut." According to the rules, a substitute "lead" in the same opera would have fulfilled its obligation: by changing the opera and permitting those who had been drawn by Tebaldi rather than Puccini to ask for a refund, Rudolf Bing made a heartening avowal of principle above profit.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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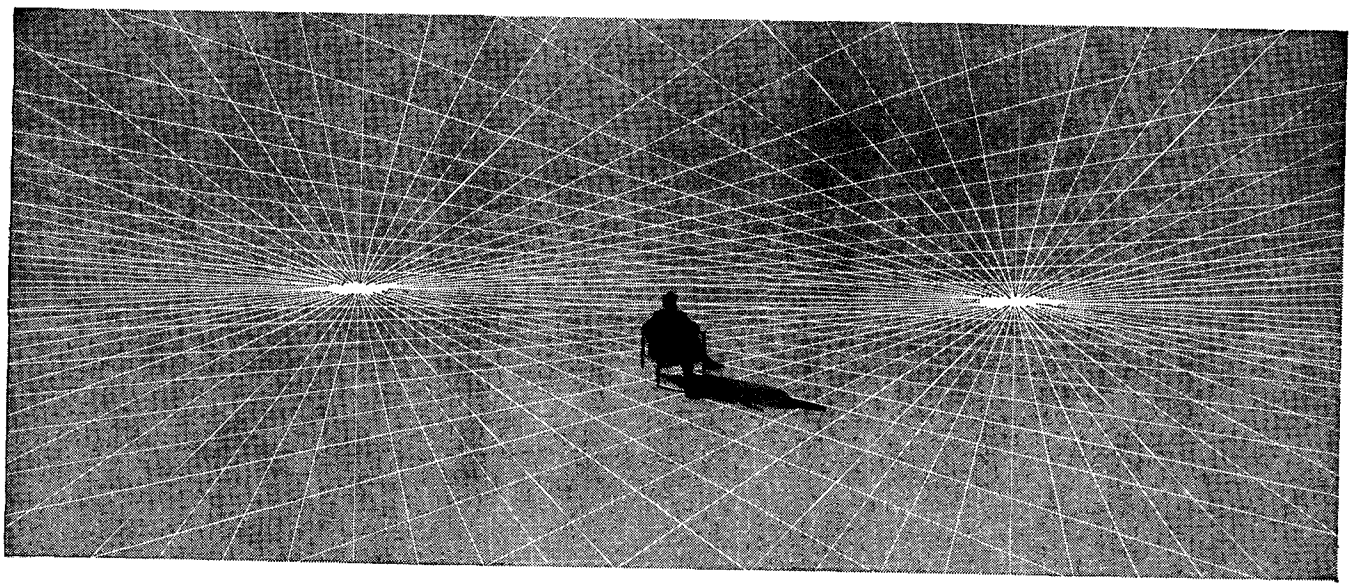

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TV AND RADIO

Sorry, Wrong Number

IT IS the purpose of this column to disagree with the opinion of Irving Gitlin, CBS News Director of Public Affairs (quoted recently in the *New York Post*) that his department's broadcast, "The Business of Sex," was "not about sex . . . it was really about the social ethic of our society . . . it was really a criticism of all of us." The documentary would have been useful, if this were true. Actually, it was a dredged-up, old staple of the quickie-feature boys—vice—with a slightly fresh twist, accent on *big* business—legitimate, that is. The accent, moreover, was applied with a rather light and redundant touch. The first eleven pages of the broadcast's thirty-three-page script, indeed, are devoted to data about high-priced party girls and their relations with large corporations, top-level executives, bank presidents and mortgage officers. On page twelve, however, the *big* business suddenly becomes a gambling casino, which hires girls to lure winners and losers alike back to the playing tables. The next *big* businessman is a theatrical manager who pays his girl friend $75 to get a star to sign a contract. Gamblers and show people hardly fit the corporate image; nor are their generally dubious scruples especially revelatory.

The "tall, handsome" call-boy on page thirteen, who "sells" a lady executive a $3,000,000 chemical formula, is certainly an atypical example of conventional free enterprise. I find it equally difficult to fit the "financier" in politics on page seventeen into the common picture of dealers in business goods and services. He hired a madam to get black-book data on an individual he planned to run for mayor, so that he would have something on the candidate to make him stay in line if he were elected. At this point in the script, the documentary leaves "big" business for a five-page foray into the relationships between conventional brothels and business in a *small* town of 250 people in Nevada, where prostitution is not prohibited by statute. Business suffered when the brothels were closed by order of the district attorney; the town split in its attitudes on the desirability of reopening them. The issue was complicated by the *small* business of the departure of the town's two doctors after the prostitutes had left, because the medical men could no longer make a living.

Only one-third of the material of the broadcast, then—whether the testimony is true or not—actually deals with the organization man's alleged unholy alliance with the prostitute. This is hardly enough to make a responsible and a representative case against big business. It does not warrant a show. Now (despite the bedrooms on every page) let's look at Mr. Gitlin's statement that "The Business of Sex" (why this title, then?) is not about sex . . . it is really a criticism of all of us." Edward R. Murrow, the narrator, did ask, on the last page, if the use of prostitutes to further business interests is an "isolated phenomenon" or an indication of "a general loosening of our moral standards." The entire script neither answered the question, nor addressed itself directly to the matter at any time. Of the four experts who commented on the material during the broadcast, only Judge Anna Kross, New York City's Commissioner of Correction, gave a forthright reply in one sentence when she said: "The ethic upon which we work is: anything goes so long as you're not caught."

Dr. Harold Greenwald, a psychologist, merely commented on the tragic end of aging prostitutes. Father Benjamin Masse, S.J., stated that the "immoral conduct," *if* true, represented a type of "unfair competition." "It is my impression," he added, "that the vast majority of businessmen scorn this foul way of operating." He challenged the business community to curb "the rotters." The villain, then, as Father Masse sees it, is not "us." It is a minority of money-changers to be driven from the temple of business.

EVEN anthropologist Margaret Mead, usually provocative, was guarded on this broadcast. "*If* practices like these," she reasoned, "are penetrating throughout our business structure, *then* this is something to which all Americans should be alerted." The program may have been about "us" in the intent of the producers, but on the air it was about "the other fellow," "the whipping boy," the "bad apple" in the barrel of good ones. The truth of the matter is that the script's question is obviously and familiarly answered in the affirmative. Thoughtful men have long observed that modern business overwhelmingly operates in a compartment of value judgments tightly sealed from traditionally ethical ideals. Certainly, it is a symptom of a deeper malady of our total culture. To blame it all, however, on "bigness and organization," is an over-simplification of the spiritual crisis of our time, a sweeping generalization not warranted by the trivial evidence offered.

The pressures that drive the amoral or immoral businessman and the pitifully tormented call girls are far from alien to "us." They are the pressures of success, of status, of acceptance and fulfillment, which urge upon us each day compromises in ethical behavior that represent only a difference in degree and not in kind. An effective documentary would have drawn a circle around the listener: it would not have left him "holier-than-thou." It would have charged him emotionally and offered him a clear mechanism for discharge. "The Business of Sex" failed on these counts, too. The question that the documentary raised is a profound one. But the show failed even to attempt an answer. It was a compiler's job, not a thinker's. It followed no progressive development of ideas into deeper insights to an illuminating conclusion. How could CBS news expect to escape the charge that the secret hope of the broadcast was a cheap stab at the headlines? How could CBS avoid making a serious attempt to weigh the evidence or make a judgment after presenting an assortment of anonymous witnesses whose reliability is open to question? General, unidentified sin is an old standby of the news trade. What is so quick to capture easy and lurid attention on the air as chronically recurrent exposés of crime, delinquency, prostitutes, prisons, etc.? And when will the documentarians stop hiding behind the skirts of "experts"? When will they have the courage to make their own comments on the facts that they dig up?

We may forget the aura of Mack Sennett, the spurious notoriety whipped up fast by a press as equally conscious of "big" circulation as the network. The hot aftermath of token police raids, outraged denials, and protection of sources will quickly cool; the real problems that the show circled in distant orbit will continue to lie unexposed and uncompassionately treated. The unfortunate aspect of the whole affair is that Mr. Murrow should have been caught in so grotesque a piece of journalism. A reporter may have complete faith in the integrity of his associates, but a working reporter gets his stuff first-hand. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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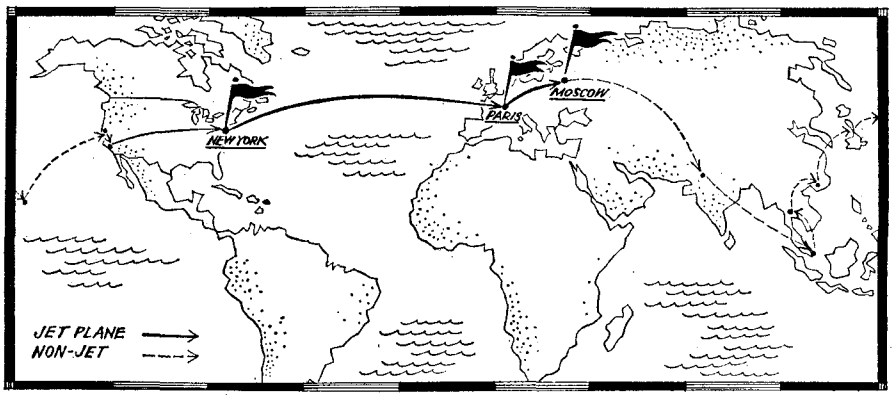
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jet Trails Around the Globe—1: The Red Carpet



And away Sutton goes: First Paris, then Moscow via jet.

Moscow.

THE express route to India from New York lies by way of Paris, Moscow, and Tashkent in Soviet Uzbekistan. With stamina, fortitude, and patience it is possible to make one's way from Broadway to New Delhi by jet, stopping, in theory at any rate, only three times on the way. Possessed of a dwindling supply of the aforementioned attributes as well as a number of suitcases stuffed with quick-energy gelatin, antibiotics trained to fight the most sinister contagions of the East, long underwear and bathing suits, we set out the other day determined to meet the jet age as it, moving like the sun, began to spread across the earth.

With all our accoutrements we were aboard Pan American's jet Flight 114 on a recent night when, half an hour late, it finally rolled down the runway for some forty-two seconds, lifted itself over Queens and headed for Paris, 3,864 statute miles away. It would seem that jet travel in the scant few months since its inception has become all but commonplace, at least to the members of the crew. There were no announcements from the flight deck at all, but after a number of queries from the less blasé passengers aboard the aircraft, the steward did manage to dispense the startling details of the flight. These were served over the loud-speaker in between a succession of offerings that began with cocktails, proceeded through hot canapés to a dinner at which one had the choice between lobster thermidor, roast beef sliced in the aisle, roast partridge, filet of sole, and a number of other comestibles designed to make the jet passenger feel as if he had never left Maxim's.

Before the evening was over we were up in the 37,000-foot altitudes, skimming over the top of the Atlantic on the back of a tailwind that at times whistled along at 200 miles an hour. Our speed at these extreme times ran up to 770 miles an hour at this point, and fully loaded with 110 passengers we eventually made it into Le Bourget field without a stop in six hours and forty-three minutes.

Although the tourist season is in summer, the jet flying season—that is, the season for the most favorable jet-stream flying—is in winter from November until April. In these months the jet stream flows not only at its fastest, but also at its most convenient position for airplanes that want to hitch an eastbound ride from New York to Europe. In summer it not only dwindles in force, but it moves inconveniently to the north.

Having left New York at half past seven in the evening, it was shortly after two in the morning, New York time, when we landed in France. We had frittered away the first two or three hours of the flight with the ceremonials of eating and drinking, spent the next two trying to get a capsulized night's sleep. With an hour to go the house lights went up and the hostesses were up and down the aisles with sweet rolls and coffee. If there is one thing to be said for jet travel it has reduced the intake of sleeping pills with which transatlantic passengers had been in the habit of anesthetizing themselves for the long piston-engine night. There is no longer time for a sleeping pill and people are turning to tranquilizers instead. I couldn't, moreover, help but ruminate about the comparative advantages of economy class travel—the economy passengers just behind the curtain were zooming along as quickly as we—for they were involved with no flying bacchanalia beyond a few sandwiches and had that much more time for themselves. I suspect they also had more money for themselves in the final analysis, since the difference between a luxury class seat and a tourist chair on the same jet flight is $233 each way.

One of the real difficulties that jet travel is going to face is aircraft scheduling. While there is much to be said for getting an airplane from New York to Paris in six and a half hours, if it leaves at half past seven in the evening it will arrive in France at eight in the morning local time. And whereas this may present no problem for the traffic people who are eager to link up their transatlantic flights with onward schedules, it presents a very real problem to the hotel manager faced with a horde of arriving guests before his guests of the previous evening have checked out. Unless schedules are altered before the summer rush begins the shrieks of outrage from the Paris lobbies will be heard audibly back in New York ere the Fourth of July.

As for Paris, there is very little I can say for our brief stay there since we slept through almost all of it. Fortunately we were in the ebb of the season at the George V and a room was available even at the early hour of our arrival. The bed at eight in the morning looked extremely inviting to one who had been shot across the ocean at 770 miles an hour on two hours sleep. Before our onward jet flight to Moscow there was at least time for a pleasant meal at a tiny place called Chez la Mère Michel, at 5 Rue Rennequin, where the Mère herself, in kitchen dress, superintends, and the prices by Paris standards, are fair indeed. There was also time, with just one evening, to be bilked once by a cab driver, which is probably par for the course. The ride from the hotel to the restaurant cost 410 francs according to the driver who flipped off the meter before giving me a chance to look at it, whereas the return voyage over the same route came to 185 francs.

THERE are, I'm afraid, few advantages to the devaluation that were visible in twenty-four hours. Some cab drivers seem disposed to raise their prices one way or another, and even with the 17 per cent advantage of the new franc-dollar exchange, a hotel breakfast for two that called for orange juice, oatmeal, rolls and coffee, and a bottle of mineral water cost six dollars worth of devalued francs. Moreover, although the franc is sup-

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posed to be convertible back to dollars, such an exchange proved impossible at the one hotel cashier where I tried it.

From Paris the jet route to India is a Russian monopoly. Using TU-104s and TU-104As, Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, flies twice a week from Paris and once a week from Brussels. The plane that we were to board in Paris the following morning was required to put into Brussels the night before. Although piston-engine planes and turbo-props were flying in and out of Le Bourget, it was thought best not to bring the Russian jet over from Brussels, and instead we were sent off in a Belgian Convair to meet it.

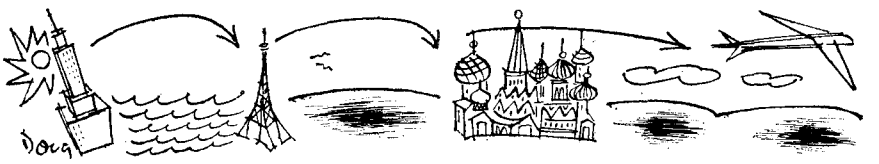
THE TU-104A is a slightly modified version of the jet that has been in operation for several years. It has two propeller-less motors and seventy seats, sixteen in first class, tucked away in a forward cabin, and the rest set up two and three abreast in the customary fashion in the aft cabin. Separating the classes is a large galley with work tables on both sides of the plane and sky lights in the roof. The lunch, while it doesn't crowd the Maxim's menu that is put aboard by Pan American, was simple and adequate and served on plastic trays. One stewardess cooked, and the other, who spoke passable French, served. The serving lady also dispensed flight information personally at each chair, there being no loud-speaker system built in. We flew at 30,000 feet at a speed of 510 miles an hour.

Facing the main cabin are two magazine racks enclosed in plexiglass containers and during the flight Americans can regale themselves with copies of *Krokodil*, the razor-toothed satire magazine that doesn't require a knowledge of Russian to understand, as well as the picture magazine *Soviet Union*, which comes in assorted languages. It is rather a peculiar irony for the traveler to skim the friendly tourist literature dispensed by Russian Intourist and then turn to the scathing denunciations of the United States, which still fill the pages of *Krokodil*. For instance, the booklet, "Visit the USSR in Winter," which shows a silvery view of the snow-bound Kremlin, begins:

> "Let us take a stroll through Moscow. It is snowing, and the trees are covered with a white soft blanket. The Kremlin has donned its winter robe. Silvery hoarfrost covers the Lenin and Stalin Mausoleum on Red Square, the very heart of the Capital . . . Before you rises the majestic St. Basil's Cathedral with its many cupolas . . . As you stroll through the streets inhaling the fresh, frosty air, you begin to understand why Muscovites are so fond of their winter . . ."

Filled with those seductive words of the sights that await one in Moscow, the traveler can flip through Aeroflot's supply of magazines. There is a travel story on Lithuania that describes how the Lithuanians rose up and threw off the yoke of Western influence and beseeched the Soviet Union to help it establish a socialist state, which thrives today. There is another on Chile that tells of a visit there by a group of Soviet journalists. They found a poor, beautiful country which, though it has copper and nitrate deposits, lives with Uncle Sam's hand always in its pocket. And then there is *Krokodil*, which this week is showing an evil-suited, evil-faced insect of a German, swastika on arm, carrying a bomb marked "A." He is descending on a parachute, which is a huge white U. S. Army helmet with a dollar sign for an insignia.

ON the other hand, the winter booklet printed by the same government, exhorts the visitor to "Take a sleigh ride on a swift Russian troika. The fleet-footed horses seem to fly along, bells tinkling to the strains of a song. Winter carnivals here offer a jolly time." By now three hours had run out. We had covered 1461 miles crossing over Amsterdam, Copenhagen, the Swedish Coast, the Isle of Gotland and the capital city of Riga. A red sign flashed on. Seat belts on, cigarettes out. It said so in Russian and in English. Three years ago when I was last here the Russians hadn't cared much about those formalities. On the wall the altimeter twirled downward and Moscow lay below. The Tupelov floated in for a landing carrying with it two Americans who, more in the image of the Intourist brochure than in the image created by *Krokodil*, were infinitely less interested in triggers than troikas.



—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the first in a series of articles on a round-the-world trip.)

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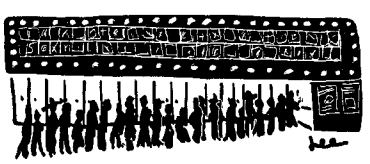
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

There's Gold in Those Theme Songs

IT USED to be that a movie began with some relatively unobtrusive theme music to read the titles by, but these days (and in the Western category, particularly) the ear is at once assailed by a gutty voiced rock and roller (accompanied by what sounds like one hundred hopped-up guitars) delivering a song that has next to nothing to do with the contents of the picture. The practice, so far as I know, began with "High Noon," and in that case there was an effective blending of the musical sound track with some mood-setting shots on the screen. Perhaps, if the song, "High Noon," had not become a hit, the practice would have ended right there, but the exploitation departments saw the opportunity, and there doesn't seem to be anything anyone can do about it now—except complain.

THE complaints have some point when applied to **"The Hanging Tree,"** a somewhat unusual Western based on Dorothy M. Johnson's novel about a Montana mining camp. Gary Cooper comes riding into the picture accompanied by about the most raucous theme song yet heard, and when he is at last reunited with Maria Schell in the last scene their love motif is blasted out in the same fashion. It gets pretty hard to take that kind of thing seriously.

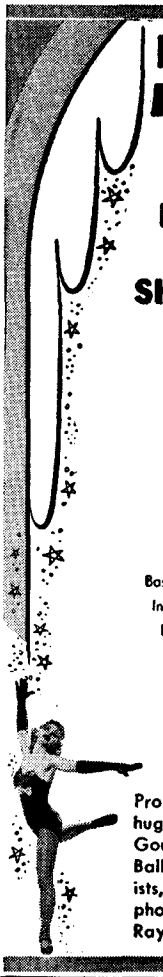
Nevertheless, "The Hanging Tree" manages to avoid several of the more flagrant Western clichés. Not once, for instance, is anyone offered a horse that merely requires extensive breaking in; the hero and villain do not shoot it out on a lonely, empty street in the last reel; and no one is challenged to drink more whiskey than is good for him. Instead, we see Gary Cooper as a frontier doctor with a "past," given to rescuing waifs and strays, a man with a gruff exterior, a ready, accurate gun, and a mean poker temperament—but withal a man of heart and soul. He hangs out his shingle in a wild mining town called Skull Creek, takes under his wing a boy (Ben Piazza) who has been wounded while stealing a few gold nuggets, and a Swiss girl (Maria Schell) who is badly in need of medical attention after a stage coach robbery. Eventually Miss Schell rescues her benefactor from that hanging tree, but before she does Karl Malden has a chance to work out an uproarious and striking characterization as a gold miner with an eye for a skirt and the main chance. He easily runs away with the picture even though Miss Schell and Mr. Cooper handle their roles nicely. The message: it's all right to look for gold, but if you find it, watch out.



THE message, or basic theme, of **"These Thousand Hills"** is a good deal harder to discover. The screenplay was adapted by Alfred Hayes from an A. B. Guthrie novel, and it seems to wander between an attempt, on one hand, to say something about the character-building opportunities of the old West, and on the other to keep to the traditional form of the Western. Sure enough, things get going with a ballad called "These Thousand Hills" sung by Randy Sparks (whoever *he* is) and then along come those men on horses loping over some empty spaces. The men dismount; there's some talk; and it seems the fellow who needs a horse can have a horse if he'll just do a little breaking in. Breaking in a horse is always good for five minutes (William Wyler used up fifteen in "The Big Country"), and then after a while the boys get to town, where there's that girl, and there's where the story begins.

The wonder is that 20th Century-Fox needed to buy a property like the Guthrie novel to put this kind of thing on the screen. Richard Fleischer, the director, without either bite or notable insight, proceeds to develop a story about a man who gets ahead in Oregon. Our man is loved by two women—one respectable, one a tart—and he finally risks his career on behalf of the bad girl, demonstrating, I suppose, that he's a true-blue American. Then back to Randy Sparks and the theme song. Don Murray, Stuart Whitman, Lee Remick, and Richard Egan struggle through the picture, mostly looking worried. One can visualize them all getting together at the end of the picture and asking: "Say, what were we supposed to be doing?" Making a candidate for the top ten tunes, perhaps.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



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Fabulous Operation of "The Brain"

***"The Big Bankroll: The Life and Times of Arnold Rothstein," by Leo Katcher** (Harper. 369 pp. $5), is a vivid evocation of the larcenous Twenties and a shady character of that era. Quentin Reynolds, who remembers it all well, wrote "I, Willie Sutton."*

By Quentin Reynolds

A SECTION in *The World Almanac* called "Memorable Dates" included for many years this notation: "1929—Arnold Rothstein, sporting man, was shot in New York City Nov. 4 and died Nov. 6."

To call Rothstein a "sporting man" is to give him all the best of it. He was a gambler, a fixer, a pawnbroker, a fence, a corrupter of politicians, a fixer of fights and horse races. Damon Runyon named him "The Brain" because of the successful way he masterminded much of New York's larcenous activities. F. Scott Fitzgerald gave him the name "Wolfsheim" and made him a character in "The Great Gatsby." Rothstein was never convicted of breaking the law because he was smart enough to remain in the shadowy background using stooges to front for him and to take the rap if they were caught. In every way he was an unsavory, disliked character. He was also a fabulous figure even by the standards of the 1920s, and if few liked him hundreds feared him.

In "The Big Bankroll" Leo Katcher, who was a newspaperman in the days when Rothstein ruled, has brought not only the man but his times back to life. This is a vivid, fascinating book, which will arouse nostalgic memories in those who were old enough to be observers of the larcenous Twenties. Katcher does not glamorize Rothstein; he dissects him skilfully and explains him and his corrupt associates and the conditions which made it possible for such men to become wealthy and powerful. Rothstein believed in only one god—money. To him money was power. He bought politicians and police the way a housewife would buy groceries.

Rothstein—few liked, hundreds feared.

Strangely enough, he made some of his biggest scores by betting on honest horse races. In 1917 a match race was held at Churchill Downs between Omar Khayyam, winner of the Kentucky Derby, and Hourless, owned by August Belmont. Hourless won by a length, and Rothstein pocketed $300,000. In 1921 he won $850,000 on a horse named Sidereal, which he owned. Not even the bookmakers who had lost this fortune ever hinted that this was a boat race. A few weeks later he entered a horse of his named Sporting Blood in the Travers Stakes. Harry Payne Whitney's great mare Prudery was a prohibitive favorite. People liked to do Rothstein favors: he usually paid well for information that he could use. On the morning of the Travers a veterinarian told Rothstein that he had just examined Prudery and, although there was nothing really wrong with the mare, she was "disturbed." That was enough for Rothstein. He bet $200,000 on his horse. The favorite tired badly in the stretch, and Sporting Blood loped home to an easy win, which added some $400,000 to Rothstein's bankroll.

But these excursions into the realm of relatively honest gambling were the exception rather than the rule with The Big Bankroll. Nearly always he had some percentage going for him. Ever since 1919 successive generations of baseball fans have been brought up in the belief that Rothstein fixed the World Series of that year. Katcher, after tremendous research on the subject, has come to the conclusion that Rothstein had nothing to do with bribing eight Chicago players to let Cincinnati win. He had been approached and asked to bankroll the operation but he didn't think it possible to fix eight players. "You might be able to fix one game," he told Joseph (Sport) Sullivan of Boston, who had come to him with the proposition, "but not a whole series. And you'd get lynched if it ever came out."

Even before the series began there were rumors that Rothstein had it fixed. To quiet them he made some heavy bets publicly on Chicago to win (he also made some heavier bets privately on Cincinnati to win). Later, when he was accused of the fix, he demanded the right to appear before a grand jury. He convinced both jury

—United Press International.

Left to right: Carolyn Rothstein Behar, whose biography of her husband, Arnold Rothstein, "Now I'll Tell," didn't say much; Nicky Arnstein, bond manipulator and friend of Rothstein, shown with wife Fanny Brice in 1930; Peggy Hopkins Joyce, here in her 1925 georgette and ostrich: her chores away from the altar included populating Rothstein's gambling houses with suckers.

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and district attorney that he had no part in the scheme, but even today he is remembered chiefly for one of the few crimes he didn't commit.

The murder of Arnold Rothstein was never solved. There were hundreds who wished him dead, but the man who confronted him in Room 349 of the Park Central Hotel and sent a fatal bullet into his body still remains anonymous. Whoever did the shooting left George McManus's coat in the room, but McManus was tried and acquitted. Actually, too many politicians, too many gangsters and gamblers, too much money, and too many reputations joined in covering up the facts.

"The Big Bankroll" doesn't paint a pretty picture of life in New York in the Twenties, but it presents an accurate, exciting, and completely absorbing picture of Rothstein and his times. Katcher has done a superb job.

Of Man and Ruth Benedict

***"An Anthropologist at Work," by Margaret Mead** (Houghton Mifflin. 583 pp. $6), pictures an intensely human woman who approached the social sciences with the insights of an artist. The author of "From Ape to Angels," H. R. Hays, is our critic.*

By H. R. Hays

IN "An Anthropologist at Work" Margaret Mead has combined a biographical essay on Ruth Benedict with a group of her shorter papers which were scattered in periodicals, plus letters, fragments of journals, unpublished pieces, published and unpublished poems, and letters from close friends. A large part of the book therefore consists of the raw materials of biography from which one gets, not only the impact of a personality but also a fascinating glimpse of what goes on behind the scenes in science. The whole is a record of a period in American anthropology.

A study (in which Mead participated) has shown that the popular mind conceives of the scientist as some sort of weird eccentric. Books such as this one will do much to dispel that unfortunate myth. Benedict was intensely human. She struggled with her own emotional problems, as well as with the general situation of the modern woman in our troubled era. A sense of estrangement from her mother imprisoned her in an intense inner life. Her diary and journal reveal how long it took her to break out of this subjectivity and to find fulfillment in a scientific career and in her relation with Boas, her great teacher, as well as co-workers in the field.

Literature was her first love and poetry her special interest. There has often been some cross-fertilization between the arts and anthropology: in the early Twenties in America this was particularly true. Benedict, Mead, and Edward Sapir exchanged poems and letters; they criticized each other's verses, and read little magazines while they were shaping their careers in social science. Even Boas is quoted as saying that he would rather have produced a fine poem than all of his books. All this was not fortuitous, for in the Twenties new currents were stirring in anthropology. There was a trend toward the recognition of the significance of the individual and an attempt to look at society and culture in terms of a unified pattern. Although Boas remained skeptical, his three pupils—Benedict, Mead, and Sapir—were all interested in the newer developments in psychology. Out of this ferment came the personality and culture school, with which Mead has been identified, and the configuration approach of Benedict.

These directions in anthropology, which Mead and Benedict exemplify, have often been under attack from opposing camps. Fanatical economic determinists insist that culture can only be studied in terms of itself. For them it becomes a kind of pure mathematics in which the individual is meaningless. Benedict, in a provocative essay written toward the end of her life, defended the humanist attitude. The determinists, she pointed out, "leave out of account any consideration of human emotion, ethics, rational insight, and purpose which had come into being with man's social life." In contrast, Benedict and Mead, and those sympathetic to their point of view, "have strongly moved in the direction of trying to understand the relation of man himself to his cultural environment."

Anthropologists of the Soviet Union, of course, adhere to the determinist camp, and indeed the controversy is not without its parallels in the ideo-

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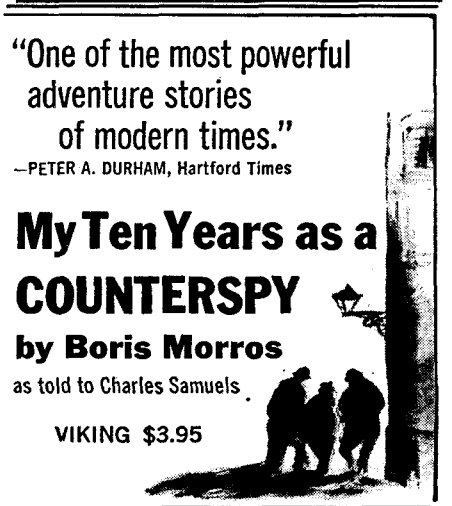
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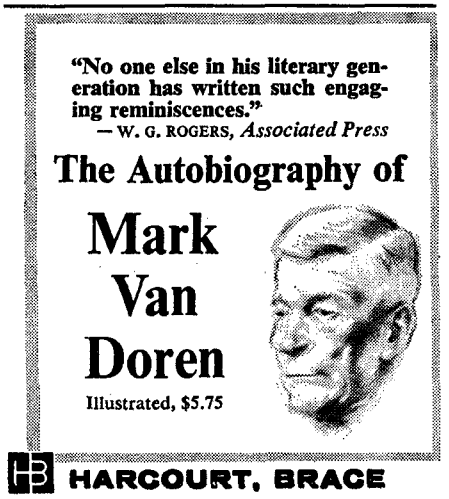
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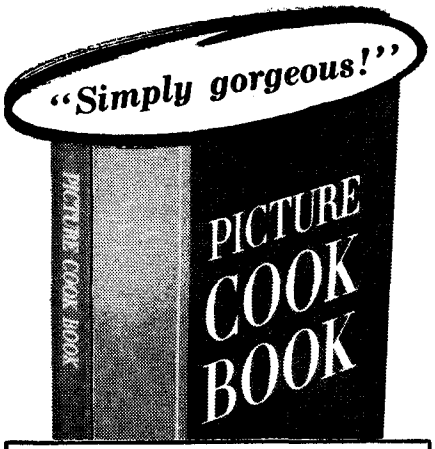

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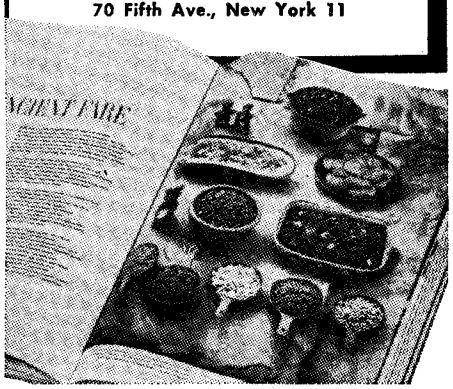


logical split within the modern world. It would seem that, while science must always attempt to generalize, no study of man worthy of the name can ignore the interrelationship between the individual and culture. As Raymond Firth puts it, the impetus to social change is both internal and external. Among the internal factors he lists "reformulations of ideas by specially gifted and inquiring minds." If the latter are to be taken into account and the problem of social change studied, anthropology must certainly lean on the humanities.

At any rate, Benedict, with her literary background, brought to her famous book, "Patterns of Culture," insights similar to those of the artist. The attempt to view cultures as individual temperaments writ large was imaginative and stimulating. Whatever criticism of emphasis or detail may be leveled against it, her book continues to be a literary landmark, presenting aspects of anthropology which have caught the interest of the nonprofessional reader as did the work of Frazer at the turn of the century.

Scientists cannot afford to reject the imagination. Even the most abstract mathematics is, in Einstein's phrase, a "free creation of the human mind." Benedict's imaginative insight has enriched both anthropology and literature. We are grateful to Margaret Mead for sketching a portrait of this gifted woman and presenting characteristic examples of her writing. "An Anthropologist at Work" is a book with many facets; it should admirably acquaint the general reader with the personal and professional aspirations of the anthropologist as it brings to life a group of distinguished American social scientists.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 816

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 816 will be found in the next issue.

PA LNTBT AXCHRP EPC

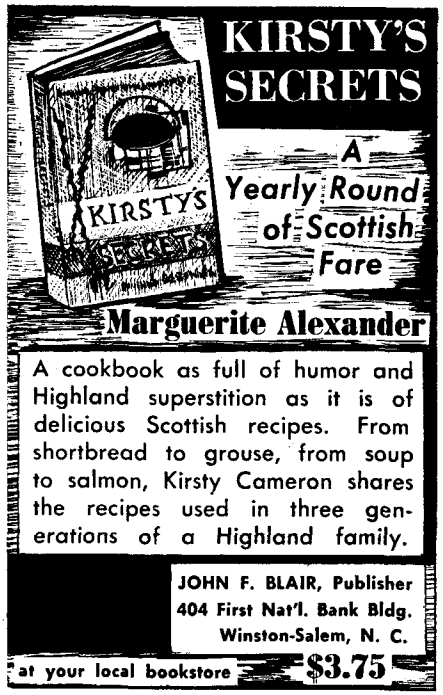
ANBT EKBP MANTCX.

—N. W. DMCXKX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 815

Scepticism is the first step on the road to philosophy.

—DIDEROT.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SR Goes to Kitchen

Continued from page 23

THE BOOK	THE RECIPES	TOOLS, SKILL, TEXT	OPINION
"Encore: Favorite Dishes of the World's Most Famous Musicians," compiled by the Women's Association of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. (Random House. 308 pp. $3.95). Charmingly illustrated.	300 recipes of every nationality presented in step-by-step style. Chapters are arranged to facilitate menu planning. Name of contributor follows each recipe. Not for weight-watchers.	Beginner or expert will enjoy trying the favorite dishes of their favorite musicians. Easy-to-find ingredients and tools are employed. No special information is given on wines, spices, or herbs though a large portion of the recipes require the use of each. There is a chart of measurements and temperatures, as well as an interesting chapter about each artist-contributor. Francis Robinson's introduction is witty and worth reading.	Included are many exciting recipes which can be prepared with complete confidence. For cooks with routine knowledge and minimum cookbook collection.
"Aromas and Flavors of Past and Present," by Alice B. Toklas; introduction and commentary by Poppy Cannon (Harper. 164 pp. $3.50).	Miss Toklas's recipes are as poetic, subtle, and as difficult to follow as Miss Stein's prose. The ingredients and calories are prodigious: shellfish in champagne sauce, perfumed goose, mashed potatoes enriched with a pound of butter. The results are worth overdrawing on the household expense account.	Hares, cognac, artichokes; everything for the Epicurean palate—and keep the truffles handy. Miss Toklas, long a member of the if-it-doesn't-take-a-day-to-make-it-isn't-worth-doing-school of cookery, has teamed up with Poppy ("The Can-Opener Cookbook") Cannon, who has added her own hurry-up cooking notes.	This is a book for browsing: for preparing special, beautiful, delicately flavored dishes in the best tradition of French cuisine.
"Josie McCarthy's Favorite T.V. Recipes," by Josie McCarthy (Prentice-Hall. 250 pp. $3.50). Not illustrated.	Recipes of varying nationality showing much originality in meat dishes. There are salads, fish, poultry, and desserts, with emphasis on the sweets. Servings for 2, 6, 12, or 20.	Offers those with limited skills maximum opportunity to prepare unusual dishes with success, but scant challenge for the expert. Time is essential. Contains a spice chart, which will greatly assist unimaginative cooks. General introduction to each chapter gives a concise report on buying and using meats, poultry, fish. Countless handy tips plus interesting anecdotes of Josie's TV experiences.	Superb guide to good cooking for the fledgling or average housewife. General food information is worth the price of the book.
"Game Cookery in America and Europe," by Raymond R. Camp (Coward-McCann. 241 pp. $4.95). Not illustrated.	Lucullan recipes wheedled by the author out of his many Nimrod hosts in the U.S., Canada, Italy, Austria, Norway —you name it. Covering everything from duck soup to squirrel pie, the book "is not intended for people who are worried about gaining an ounce or two." Those who are can eat rabbit.	These are dishes to be cooked with patient, loving care: birds must be basted and basted. Anyone handy with a sauce could follow the directions, once the problem of dressing the wild game was disposed of. A carbon-steel knife, bone saw, poultry shears, skewers, mortar and pestle, larding needle pretty important, as are herbs and spirits. Short, amiable comments from the author.	While the city dweller may find pheasant at $7.50 rather steep, many of the *haute cuisine* recipes in this book could easily spruce up domesticated fowl and meat. For those given game it's a find.
"Cooking the Smart Way," by Marion W. Flexner (Barrows. 313 pp. $3.95). Not illustrated.	A medley (from canned corned beef hash to fifteenth-century Castilian egg soup) representing a U.N. of nationalities, with some stress—outside American specialties—on the North African and Iberian cuisine, although Hawaiian entrées are frequent. The author's been around—from Andalusia to Cadiz, Ky. She goes lightly on fats, cream, and starches. Quantities vary.	227 pages are devoted to top-of-the-stove cooking (on the whole, rapid), the balance to oven. You can be a complete tyro. But it would be well to have a pressure cooker, blender, French wire whisk, electric beater, Dutch oven, pastry brush, meat thermometer, and cheese cloth. Mrs. Flexner uses canned and frozen ingredients, lots of bouillon cubes, B. V. paste, some M.S.G., soy sauce, allspice berries, and Spanish paprika. Tables of measures and equivalents, directions for cooking, a glossary, and truly "useful hints."	The author doesn't claim all the information is new; it isn't. But it's nice to know that you can use up that flat champagne in Portuguese Chicken with Almonds. For the bride or the woman who is simply insatiable about cookbooks.
"Rose Recipes," by Jean Gordon (Red Rose Publications. 100 pp. $2.95; paperbound, $1.50). Scattered illustrations of roses and rose products.	128 recipes collected from 14 countries offering an astonishing number of ways to insinuate into the menu rose water, rose petals, and rose hips (the small berries left after the flowers wither).	For the most part uncomplicated basic recipes with the addition of roses. Information about rose products and where to buy them is given. Rose lore intertwines the recipes, bearing out the book's subtitle "Customs—Facts—Fancies." Of particular fascination are the notes on a rose banquet tossed by Nero and a recipe for a Rose Stew said to have been the gastronomical rage in 100 B.C. Rome.	Gardener-chefs with access to a rose bush should be interested in this small book. Also an amusing addition to a library of cookbooks that already includes the basics.
"The Far Eastern Epicure," by Maria Kozslik Donovan (Doubleday. 187 pp. $3.95). Illustrated with appealing line drawings by the author.	Starting with her visit to Djakarta, Mrs. Donovan takes you along on her journey through the Orient, where she has culled the recipes for off-beat dishes. From China—Peking roast duck; from Japan —Teriaki steak. Main courses are emphasized and are proportioned to serve 2, 4, 6, 8.	Some of the dishes are complicated: an impatient cook might not be willing to go through the process for making coconut milk. Suggested for those with savvy. Unusual ingredients: some can be bought in the local supermarkets, but many will be found only in specialty stores. Cooking and travel experience combine into delightful chapters which tell how each recipe was acquired.	Devotees of the exotic will discover many foolproof, exciting treats, and curry lovers will be delighted with Curry Maison—simple and inexpensive.

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THE BOOK	THE RECIPES	TOOLS, SKILL, TEXT	OPINION
"Old Warsaw Cook Book," by Rysia. (Roy. 304 pp. $3.95.)	Polish specialties—hot and cold soups, dairy dishes, lively, if fattening, ways to prepare vegetables. Calorie-counters beware. Some of the best recipes are those overflowing with cream, both sweet and sour.	Instructions are explicit enough for the "I can't even boil water" cook. Have plenty of cabbage, potatoes, sour cream on hand. And lots of dill for seasoning. "International Gourmet" section has selections of somewhat obvious choices.	Especially good are the easy-to-prepare cold fruit soups.
"Elena's Secrets of Mexican Cooking," by Elena Zelayeta (Prentice-Hall. 266 pp. $3.95). Line drawings.	Elena takes us Mexico way with recipes fairly well adapted to American tastes and grocery stores. A wide variety of tempting dishes. Since rice, beans, corn are Mexican staples, don't hope to save calories here. Most dishes serve 4 to 6, although you can also find a good, tasty chile con carne for a hungry 25. A final section describes Mexican holidays, complete with appropriate dishes. Spicy variations on such traditional barbecue numbers as hamburgers, steak, etc.	Directions are simply and clearly stated, with suggested modifications. Many recipes feature beans, lentils, etc., so overnight soaking, long boiling times are mandatory. For tools, a large pot is the primary requisite. Where ingredients are necessary, stores are listed that supply them by mail. Under "ABC's of Cooking" Elena defines Mexican cookery's basic terminology, with additional information under her main headings.	A simple, well-rounded kitchen aid for the venturesome housewife who would like to inject a bit of variety into her day-to-day meal making.
"Italian Food," by Elizabeth David (Knopf. 319 pp. $4.50). Negligibly illustrated with line drawings.	Peasant and patrician regional specialties that will be peptic to those whose digestion has been angered by the aged tomato-meat sauces and soggy pizza pies that malign Italian food in the States. Pasta, let's face it, is fattening, and so is risoto (rice), but the many hors d'oeuvres, salads, thin soups, meat, poultry, and fish dishes described shouldn't depress the scale unduly.	Both experience and leisure are required, since directions are frequently both elliptical ("heat some olive oil") and involved. The vegetables are easily obtainable here, as are good olive oil, Parmesan cheese. Marsala, tomato paste, but the big fish section will be frustrating in areas where inkfish, octopus, fresh anchovies, and sardines, not to say eels and snails, are nonexistent.	The knowledgeable cook will find this guide, with its history and delineation of Italian food, an informative addition to the international shelf.
"The Art of French Cooking," translated by Joseph Faulkner, edited by Ernest Flammarion (Simon & Schuster. 864 pp. $25). Lavishly illustrated in color and black-and-white.	An opulent compendium of French cooking from the extravagances of master chefs to the less intricate splendors of regional recipes. Carême, Ali-Bab, Escoffier are among the chefs represented. This is advanced cooking of an extremely high order, meticulously translated into English from the encyclopedic *"L'Art Culinaire Français."*	Neither slapdash nor improvisation has any part in this manual. A well-equipped kitchen is a must; some ingredients expensive or hard to find. The gamut of herbs, spices, wines, and liqueurs is employed throughout the book. Information about the recipes ahead is given in chapter introductions. There are sample menus, notes on table setting and service, the handling and serving of wine.	Invaluable for the advanced cook who won't panic in the face of a real challenge. Also wonderful browsing for the gourmet content to savor vicariously the 3,750 dishes.
"The June Platt Cook Book," by June Platt (Knopf. 475 pp. $5). Decorative line drawings.	Mrs. Platt provides party-givers with a delectable choice of her favorite recipes (serving from 6 to 8 people) ranging from hors d'oeuvres to desserts. Truly creative cooking with a direct and confidence-inspiring approach to its preparation.	Not a book for the beginner or the can-opening, mushroom-soup-is-a-sauce sort of cook. Herbs, spices, and wines play an important role in Mrs. Platt's *plats*. She urges her readers to seek out a first-class butcher, take time to find the best and freshest ingredients.	The gourmet cook, male and female, will find wonderfully tempting new ideas, as well as improvements on old ones.
"House & Garden's Cook Book" (Simon & Schuster. 324 pp. $7.50). Handsome illustrations.	The recipes are well constructed, easy to follow, and tempting. Many have European and Oriental origins. There are recipes to refresh the jaded palate, a format to revive the jaundiced eye.	The beginner won't be discouraged, nor the veteran bored. A well-stocked kitchen and larder are important. A short and informative essay introduces each category dealt with, such as veal, beef, salads.	Stylish party food with exciting ideas for making an adventure of everyday eating. Another good browser.
"What Cooks at Stillmeadow," by Gladys Taber (Lippincott. 250 pp. $3.95).	200 favorite "American-style" recipes, none of them exotic, but all of them as tasty and sensible as readers of Miss Taber's monthly *Ladies Home Journal* column have come to expect.	Miss Taber disperses prepared mixes, dehydrated soups, frozen goods, and canned foods with a liberal hand. A family-size casserole is good to have on hand for the many fine one-dish dinners.	Reading this chatty and helpful cookbook is a little like having a genial aunt come over to help.
"Rain, Hail, and Baked Beans," by Duncan MacDonald and Robb Sagendorph (Washburn. 214 pp. $3.95).	"A New England Seasonal Cook Book" follows the year around with appropriate dishes: cranberry pie for the harvest moon, quince jelly at summer's end, and, in between, a lavish record of seafood, chowders, breads, and puddings (note especially the easy-to-follow one for spicy Indian pudding).	Everything is geared for the average kitchen and although none of the recipes are especially speedy, neither do they demand too much fuss. Large-size pots for the chowder dishes; and, if you decide to follow the Harvard Club recipe for eggnog (30 eggs and 30 bottles of Bourbon), you may need a bath tub.	An excellent collection that reminds us of New England's distinct and very special cuisine.
"Gourmet Kitchen," by Evelyn Patterson (Abelard-Schuman. 158 pp. $3.50). Not illustrated.	Epicurean dishes, especially the desserts, but many scarcely as unique as touted. Others evocative of France, Spain, Italy, Russia, Greece, Armenia. Indulgent with mushrooms, cream, butter, herbs, spices, and liquors.	More time needed than to open a frozen TV dinner, but within the scope of the average cook—hazards like puff paste and croissants excepted. You'll need flan rings, ring molds, soufflé dishes, and, for dolma, grape leaves. Comments are brief and to the point.	Intended neither as a general cookbook nor an encyclopedia of gourmet recipes, this is for the adventurous eater.

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USA

Continued from page 19

most peril on the batlefield. But few pundits were willing to condemn the system because of an occasional abuse.

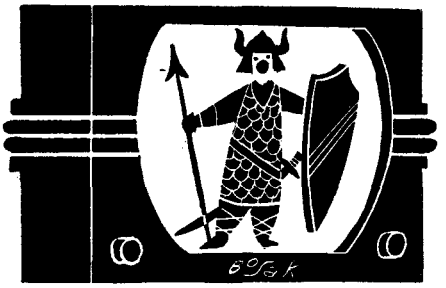
The 1,143 pages of the court record, quoted at length by General McKean, leave no doubt that Boot training was frankly designed to shock volunteers out of their civilian attitudes and make Marines of them. The process was admittedly drastic for recruits kept on the go as long as eighteen hours a day. Yet it is significant that the stoutest advocates of Boot training are usually the alumni, including most of the survivors of the Parris Island "death march."

As for the future, practically all the majors and lieutenant colonels of today are graduates of Boot training administered by D.I.'s with extra zeal to officer candidates. They are the Marine generals of tomorrow, and the editorial writers seemed to think that Ribbon Creek was sufficient as an object lesson.

ARE SUBURBS WORTH WHILE?: If Robert C. Wood's **"Suburbia: Its People and Their Politics"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4) had no other merit, it would justify itself by documenting the fact that suburbs generally are artificial creations. They are not part of cities only because of artificial boundary lines. Many of America's cities are being strangled by the suburbs; not only do the latter drain off taxable sources much needed by the cities, but, in many cases, they physically block any geographic expansion of the city. Nor are the cities and city dwellers the only ones to suffer. The existence of so many separate suburban governments is in itself uneconomical; the social services required by residents could be supplied more efficiently and much more economically by one central governmental authority. Why, then, the existence of separate suburban governments?

Suburbs are stoutly defended by their spokesmen as the ultimate in American democracy — communities small enough so everyone knows everyone else, with government at the grassroots. Governmental officials are simply friends and neighbors. Everyone is a home-owner, everyone has status, and the deadly impersonality of the big city has been left far behind.

There is just one flaw in this rosy Jeffersonian picture: it is a myth. Local, personalized government leads to a disregard for due process of law. As the author points out:



The folk hero of local America is the law-enforcement agent who interprets the law according to his own lights. The archetype of the Western sheriff substitutes his concept of justice for the statute book . . . he operates as often as a vigilante outside the law as within it. And he is applauded, approved, even today, because his concept of justice seems so direct, without frills, legalism, or delays. In short, his law ignored the processes of restraint and orderly procedure on which order is built. So in the small community, power depends upon personal qualities, on the "fit" of the individual to his neighbor, whether or not the official and the citizen are on good terms.

So much for personalized law enforcement. Culturally, the "togetherness" of suburbia tends to foster conformity in every sphere of life. Because of the conscious and deliberate turning away from the city, a type of anti-urban orientation results in many suburbs. The over-all result often is the worst kind of provincialism among suburbanites, who ought to know better.

This is primarily a book for specialists and for the layman prepared to do rather heavy reading. The publisher has done the author a disservice by printing dust-jacket blurbs which stress the "lively" style. But Mr. Wood, a political scientist and professor, has said many things which have long needed to be said through a documented sociological study such as this. —HENRY M. CHRISTMAN.

Fiction

Continued from page 20

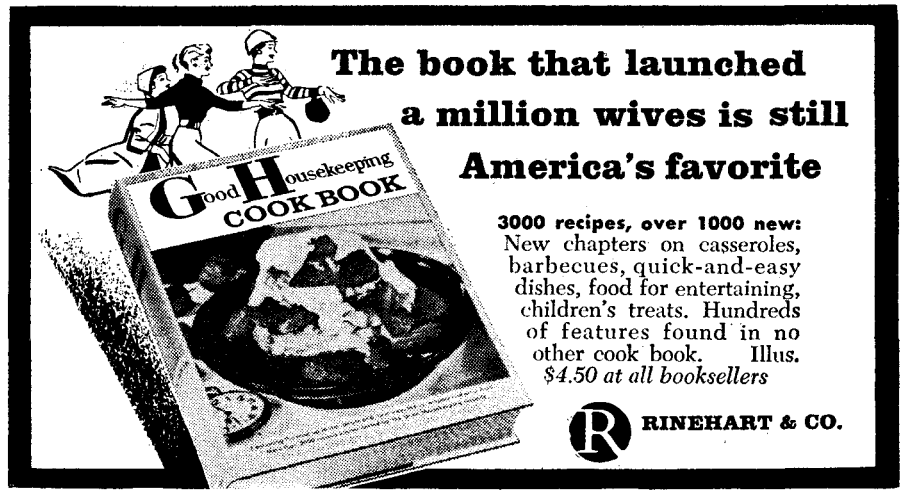
of character when he presents the artist as clown, and tells a charming tale of his efforts to be himself, even though he says "usually a clown is happy only when he is somebody else."

"The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder" (New Directions, $2.25) is the story of Auguste (majestic) Angst (pain), one of the most famous clowns, who makes his act into a mystical experience that arouses not just laughter but joy in his audiences, until the day that the experience exceeds the patience of his viewers, and they throw things at him. He retires from the arena into a search for the dream he found at the foot of the ladder in his act. He does not find it.

But at the end of his despair he comes across a simple touring circus, and finds a kind of peace in working as a laborer there until, standing in for an ill clown, he invents such marvelous clownishness that his sick friend dies of chagrin at being unable to equal it. His intentions, he tells himself, were to make a career for the man he was substituting for; but on his death, Auguste, in a depth of self-accusation, blames himself for the tragedy, and has to die also.

Here we have a theme akin to that of Egon Hostovsky's "Room Wanted," that of the angel of God sent forth to test the effect of true humanity in the world, finding that charity now brings only horror, since man is no more ready for it than he was 2,000 years ago. But Miller specifically makes the Christ of today the artist, showing that even if he does not find purity in man, he finds it in himself.

This little fable was first written ten years ago as text for a book of Léger's pictures. It did not satisfy the artist, and there is no wonder about that. Had Léger been willing



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to accept Miller as co-creator, a book the like of which we have never seen would have resulted; but humility is a virtue not easily learned. Henry Miller has learned it, and for that reason he is blessed. Let the beatniks take note. —WILLIAM BITTNER.

ROOTLESS IN PARIS: Ellen Marsh's third book, **"Unarmed in Paradise"** (Macmillan, $4.50), purports to be a novel of contrasts. The setting is Paris, the Paris of the Existentialist cafés just before and during the Korean war. The German-American heroine, Carmian Wills, falls in love with an exiled Russian, a perpetual D.P., Dima Kobyankov. They live crowded together with Dima's erratic and overpowering mother, Lala; a child is born and dies. The inescapable rootlessness of the two lovers eventually destroys their relationship and they part, a conclusion shown to be inevitable almost at the moment that they meet.

Unfortunately, the hero and the heroine are almost indistinguishable from each other, and the fact that they carry different passports seems merely accidental and quite unimportant. Their distraction with circumstances makes them the more identical and they share a common homeland in their exile. As a result of this similarity the book, in spite of the author's genuine intensity and sensitive observation, is both monotonous and prolix. The tragedy inherent in the situation fails of its impact because Miss Marsh has not taken advantage of opportunities to highlight it with humor and has further disfigured her story with awkward and turgid writing. She has endowed her characters with strong feelings but they and her prose are sloppy. The parting of Carmian and Dima comes as a relief because both parties are so undisciplined as to be somewhat boring and the reader feels that boredom, as much as grief and disorder, has separated them. —MARTHA BACON.

Politics and Morality

Continued from page 13

the framework of policies that takes the missionaries of their new order to the ends of the earth. We have no corresponding commitment to our fellowmen. For hundreds of years, we have preached the Christian promise of brotherhood, but today, when vanishing space and scientific revolution have turned our planet into a single neighborhood, the ideal means little in terms of concern or conviction, in terms of policy or action.

Here we are in the Atlantic world, 16 per cent of the world's peoples consuming 70 per cent of the world's wealth. We cannot be indifferent to the moral implications of this gap. I do not know how we can gain a new perspective about the narrow world of plenty and poverty in which we live unless moral insights of justice and compassion stir us to understand the privileged position in which we live.

This age has been defined in many ways—as a time of conflict in ideology, as a time of ferment in technology, as a period of revolution in science, as an era when at last the means lie at hand to free mankind from the ancient shackles of pain and hunger. It is all these things—but I believe the true crisis of our times lies at a deeper level. But all this freedom and elbow room only thrusts onto us with more force the fundamental issue of the faith that is in us. We can use our wealth and capacity for some vision of truth, some ideal of brotherhood, or we can imprison ourselves within the selfishness of our own concerns and the limitations of a narrow nationhood.

One may argue that these qualities —of dedication and selflessness—are remote from the realities of politics. They are all very well for private life, but what part can they play in the rough and tumble of partisanship, of primaries, conventions and election campaigns? Ambition, drive, material interests, political skills, the art of maneuver—all these, one might say, have their part, but do not let us pretend that the democratic process is primarily a school of virtue or an arena of moral combat.

It has been the view of great philosophers and great statesmen that our system of free government depends in the first instance upon the virtue of its citizens. Montesquieu made virtue the condition of republican government; Washington declared that it could not survive without it. We have had a 175 years of it since their time and no one can deny that the system has survived a remarkable amount of skulduggery. In fact, it is probably a tougher system than its founders imagined. For no democratic system can survive without at least a large and active leaven of citizens in whom dedication and selflessness are not confined to private life, but are the fundamental principles of their activity in the public sphere.

Naked interest and naked ambition will carry a lot of people naturally and inevitably into politics. We do not need societies for the promotion of lobbies; interests, good and bad, will promote themselves. Nor, in any generation do we lack politicians whose only principle of action is the advancement of their own career—the starry eyed opportunists and all the other eager men in a hurry to the top.

There has never been any disinterested reform without disinterested reformers. And here we come to the essential contribution made by dedication and selflessness to the public good. No one ever did any good in politics without readiness for endless hard work—for the grinding, boring, tedious work, as well as the glamorous, high-sounding, headline-hitting work. No reforms come easy; even the most obvious will have its entrenched enemies. Each one is carried to us on the bent and weary backs of

Criminal Record

THE LORELEI. *By Lawrence Bachmann. Crime Club.* $2.95. Blonde Rhineland beauty takes to river barges to flee local hood; law spreads net for counterfeiter-killer; reads like a translation; scenery and background pleasant; pace flags occasionally.

BUILT FOR TROUBLE. *By Al Fray. Dell.* 25¢. Southern California life guard loses job through slick publicity finagle, attempts blackmail switch when first corpse develops; three more follow. Fast-moving and ingenious.

THE CASE OF THE STRANGLED STARLET. *By James Hadley Chase. Signet.* 25¢. Twenty-one-year-old son of American movie tycoon turns compulsive killer at Cannes Film Festival; other deaths follow; stepmother suspicious; gendarmes polite. Orthodox shocker.

GIDEON'S MONTH. *By J. J. Marric. Harper.* $2.95. Fourth Gee-Gee yarn (previous were "Day," "Week," "Night") is best of excellent series; top-echelon Scotland Yarder, ably seconded by staffers and division supers, tackles half-dozen cases, largely killings; usual effective semi-documentary treatment; high up among year's best.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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They are not only dedicated in their readiness to give energy and hard work to the cause; they must also have sufficiently clear sight and open minds and hearts to see the need for reform in the first place. But clear sight and an open heart for others' needs is again something that hardly "comes naturally." We have so many needs of our own—our families, our jobs, our homes, and fortunes, our prospects. We are hemmed in with needs and interests, weighty, urgent, honorable, human needs and interests, even if they are exclusively our own. It takes an extra dimension of vision to see beyond our inner circle of interest. Most people, most of the time, do not possess it—which is one reason why self-regarding interests make up so much of the stuff of politics. And this is why the men and women of genuine, imperturbable public spirit seem so few and far between.

There is a danger of this element of vision vanishing almost wholly from our political life. In the main we are so comfortable; so many evils of the past have shrunk in size and almost out of sight.

When the multitudes gathered, a hundred years ago, to listen in rapt attention for hours to the Lincoln-Douglas debates, had they fewer responsibilities and duties than the citizens of today to many of whom the great issues of politics seem to be most usefully conveyed in fifteen-second television flashes of subliminal advertising?

Is it not possible that the pressures of personal responsibilities are not greater but that the dedication and selflessness needed to discern and influence public issues have shrunk? In a century in which so many of the mentors of the public mind—from the psychiatrists to the ad-men—speak to us in terms of "what we owe to ourselves," may there not indeed have been a slackening of devotion compared with those days, not so long distant, when what man owes to God and his neighbor was a common theme of public discourse?

If so, this is a dangerous hour for our politics and for government by consent of the governed. For at no time have so many of the great issues of the day demanded clear, real moral vision to bring them into focus.

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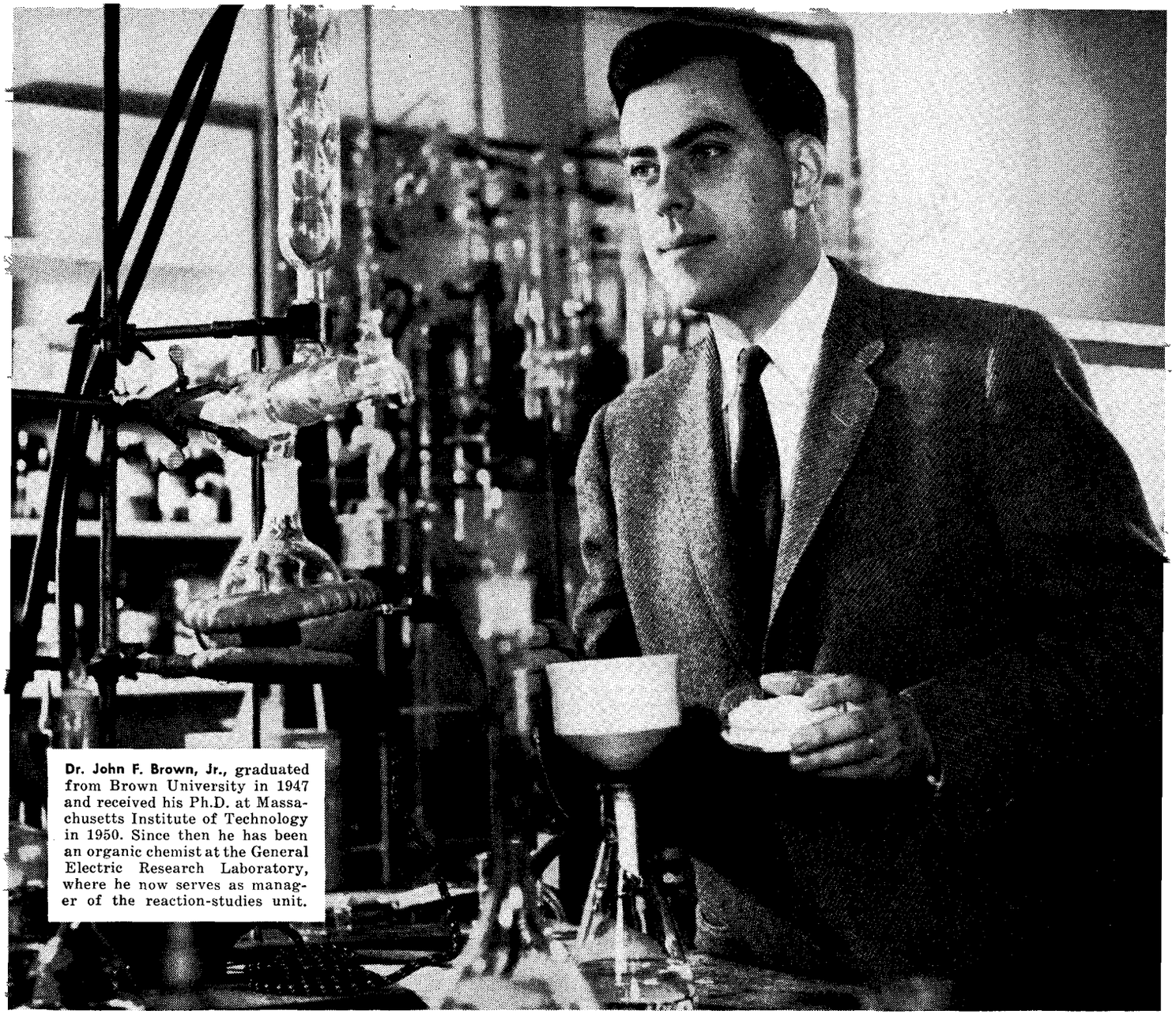

Dr. John F. Brown, Jr., graduated from Brown University in 1947 and received his Ph.D. at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1950. Since then he has been an organic chemist at the General Electric Research Laboratory, where he now serves as manager of the reaction-studies unit.

Lock-and-key chemistry

General Electric's Dr. John F. Brown, Jr., seeks ways to put molecules together in specific patterns

"It is distressing," says chemist John F. Brown, Jr., "to know that even the lowliest amoeba is much better at performing chemical syntheses than the chemist is. The big difference between nature's chemistry and man's is the ability—or lack of it—to fit things together precisely."

At the General Electric Research Laboratory, Dr. Brown and his associates are exploring a variety of unusual techniques for making organic molecules fit together as a key fits a lock. An example is their work with canal complexes, strange organic crystal structures much like a honeycomb. When the "honey" is polymerized—linked together—the regular walls of the honeycomb serve as "molecular templates," forming a polymer with precise and ordered structure.

Chemically specific synthesis—putting molecules together in a regular pattern—is one of the great scientific "barrier problems" being attacked by chemists and biologists. Improved plastic materials will be one of the important results of today's fundamental and imaginative research in organic chemistry.

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SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier • Personality Portrait—XXXV • Science in Books

ARTICLES: Conventional Death or Unconventional Survival?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE CERTIFICATION OF ANTIBIOTICS

NEVER before in the three years of SR/Research has mail from readers been as heavy as it has been since last month's report on the dangers of overuse of antibiotics. The letters published on the two pages following this one are proportionately representative of an overwhelming sentiment that such a study was long past due and that physicians, drug houses, and government agencies concerned with protection of the publice health share a grave responsibility to reform prevailing abuses. Deans and professors of medical and dental schools were especially strong in commending the *Saturday Review* for an urgently needed public service. Amid the general approval, however, criticism was heard along two lines, and the responsibility that accompanies the privilege of a free press requires that these be considered. Both are concerned with the licensing that precedes sale of antibiotics on the public market. In brief—who certifies the miracles performed by the miracle drugs?

The first criticism was best expressed in a letter from Lynn Prouty, of Evanston, Illinois, who identified himself as a technical and scientific writer for a large pharmaceutical house. "John Lear's article, 'Taking The Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs,' serves a useful purpose in calling attention to some of the excessive advertising practices which prevail in the drug industry today, and to the hazards of the indiscriminate use of antibiotics," he wrote. "While not wishing to appear to condone the above-mentioned practices, I would like to mention several . . . points:

"1) Mr. Lear gives the impression that the doctors' only sources of information about new drugs are detail men and advertising, both by direct mail and in journals. He does not mention the professional literature which is generally prepared by the medical departments of drug houses rather than their advertising departments. Such literature usually consists of a small brochure, technically and factually written, and containing sections on precautions and toxicity as well as full information on the chemistry, pharmacology, and clinical action of the drug. It is available only to members of the medical profession and pharmacists on *their request*, either directly or through the detail man (professional standing is verified by means of medical directories). This literature is available when the drug is first put on the market.

"2) This literature, as well as *detailed reports* of the chemistry, pharmacology, and clinical investigations (usually unpublished) on any new drug, is required by federal law to be submitted to the Food and Drug Administration for approval before the drug can be marketed, a fact which is not mentioned by Mr. Lear. The FDA carefully reviews all submitted information, and decides whether the clinical and pharmacological data are sufficient, whether the toxicity is low enough, and whether the literature is accurate and complete. On this basis, the FDA accepts or rejects the drug for marketing. If it is rejected, the drug company may undertake further investigations, attempt to obtain more data, or rewrite the literature. The 'burden of proof' which Mr. Lear discusses in connection with the possibility of an independent medical agency has already been placed on drug makers by existing law.

"3) While excesses in advertising, such as the apparent endorsing of a new product by non-existent doctors, are misleading and even potentially dangerous, it should be considered that advertising, both direct-mail and journal, is at present the drug industry's primary means of *announcing the existence* of a new drug to doctors. Furthermore, though ads are almost always too limited in space to contain full information about the drug, many medical ads contain the note 'Professional literature is available upon request.'

"For the sake of fairness, facts such as these should be at least mentioned in a scientific article."

THIS is a straightforward, reasonable statement and I thank Mr. Prouty for making it. I also thank Mr. Thomas P. Lewis, president of the Pharmaceutical Advertising Club of New York, for a somewhat similar challenge. However, a careful rereading of the original *SR* report on antibiotics may indicate that it was not my intention to convey the impression that physicians depend on drug salesmen and drug advertisements alone for their information about antibiotics. I specifically referred at one point to "reports in the medical literature" and I quoted from particular reports in medical journals. It is, of course, the professional journals that mean most to a physician because it is in them that he reads how actual patients of other doctors respond to actual treatment by the new medicines.

Mr. Prouty may be right in arguing that I should have mentioned the brochures that drug manufacturers are required to prepare for the guidance of those who buy the drugs. These pieces of literature must be approved by the Food and Drug Administration (we honor that agency's hard-working inspectors with the badge in our

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masthead photograph) and the phraseology in them is considerably closer to the known facts than is true of most drug advertisements.

IT IS still possible, though, for a drugmaker to talk about synergistic effect (enhanced potency due to coupling of drugs) in an antibiotics brochure; he can say the effect is brought about in test tubes, and that much is true. The Food and Drug Administration will allow the statement to pass; but test tubes aren't people, and there is no incontrovertible evidence that any combination of antibiotics has ever cured a person of a disease that wouldn't have been cured by one of the drugs in the combination or by skillful use of the individual components separately. Anyhow, the brochures are *required* to be sent only with bottles of antibiotics, and, as everyone knows, most bottles go not to doctors but to drug stores. The physician generally gets the brochure only if he asks for it.

The second point Mr. Prouty's letter raises is even more complex. The Food and Drug Administration's control over the marketing of antibiotics depends on what the word control means. New antibiotics—new drugs of any kind—come onto the market legally through applications filed by the manufacturer under Section 505 of the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. Section 505 provides only that the new drug be harmless to humans when used in the dosages and for the ailments specified. A bottle of ordinary water would qualify for sale as medicine because water is assumed to be nonpoisonous to the human animal. Whether the water would actually do a sick man any good if the man were naive enough to buy it is a question that is not examined under 505. Section 505 is thus an opening through which medicine men of the shadier types have sometimes in the past been able to cheat the credulous with harmless and useless nostrums.

THE New Drug Bureau of F&DA struggles to draw this loophole as tight as possible by maintaining routine contact with other F&DA bureaus concerned with such questions as fraud. Obvious transgressors are advised at the time their drug applications are granted that if a worthless product is actually put on sale, action will be brought under other, sharper-toothed sections of the law. Fortunately for the drugmaker, unfortunately for the drugbuyer, such disciplinary action must be taken through the courts except in those cases where the public health is immediately endangered. And F&DA must prove to the court's satisfaction that the drug lacks its purported powers. At the speed with which new antibiotics are adopted by doctors today, it is quite conceivable to me that a useless antibiotic that slipped through Section 505 could pay for itself before the courts got around to cracking down.

MEN to whom I have talked in the Antibiotics Division of F&DA tell me a thing like that simply couldn't happen with an antibiotic. They go so far as to say that safety tests of antibiotics, by their very nature, automatically guarantee the potency of the tested drugs. A number of prominent medical researchers who are thoroughly versed in antibiotic therapy refuse to accept such statements. I am not a physician, so I am not qualified to judge the issue on its medical merits exclusively; but as a matter of common sense I cannot help wondering, if it is true that safety automatically assures efficacy in an antibiotic, why do the very F&DA officials who say this plead for a law that would specifically demand efficacy as well as safety in every new

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

1959 ARROWSMITH?

THE FACSIMILE of your letter sent to a supposed doctor with a Philadelphia address ("Taking the Miracle out of the Miracle Drugs," Jan. 3, 1959) intrigued me. First of all, there is no 'N.W. 15th Street' in this city. We have North and South 15th Street. Having an errand downtown this evening. I was interested in checking if there could be some doctor's office at 315 N. 15th. Where this number should have been is a parking area, totally devoid of buildings. Devotees of Sinclair Lewis may conclude, after reading your expose of these malpractices, that his *Arrowsmith* is valid reading still today.

DANIEL BIRGERS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

OR ADAMS AND HAPGOOD?

CONGRATULATIONS on your excellent article, "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs." It may well be that John Lear and Dr. Henry Kempe will be our Samuel Hopkins Adams and Norman Hapgood of the old *Collier's* days. You may get a few brick-bats, but don't let that worry you. You won't have the lay press against you as did Hapgood and Adams!

W. E. CARTER, M.D.,
Alumni Association,
Millbury Union.

San Francisco, Calif.

PULITZER, MAYBE?

QUERIES: (1) "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs"—John Lear, Science Editor, January 3, 1959—is this significant inquiry eligible for a Pulitzer award? (2) Have reprints been sent to members of the American Medical Association? (3) Is Madison Avenue an area of inquiry for the forces of integrity?

V. D. GARDNER.

Logan, Utah

EXPENSIVE SAMPLES

AS A LONG TIME practicing pediatrician I wish to congratulate you and also your Science Editor, Mr. John Lear, on your recent article entitled "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs." It is a fine combination of accurate scientific reporting and understanding of the doctor's position of being trapped between his desire to practice proper scientific medicine, his bombardment by the detail man and the pressure that is put upon him by patients who demand immediate "get well" medicine for essentially every febrile illness.

I feel that it would be a fine thing if all doctors everywhere would refuse to accept any samples of any drugs and read only the most realistic accounts of new drugs. The saving which could result to the drug houses would reduce the cost of necessary drugs to patients, I would guess, by at least fifty per cent of the present costs.

ESTHER B. CLARK, M.D.,
Palo Alto Medical Clinic.

Palo Alto, Calif.

GRATEFUL PATIENT

LET ME BE AMONG the first to commend you and your Science Editor for your article on the "miracle drugs." It was needed. I write from experience.

In early October, 1955, six days after a lung operation, an infection diagnosed as *S. aureus* took hold and only now, more than three years later, has it apparently been brought under control without use of antibiotics by another surgeon in another hospital. At least five of the "miracle drugs" were tried on me in the first instance, rather haphazardly it seemed at the time.

NEIL M. JUDD.

Silver Spring, Md.

A DOCTOR'S LESSON

I AM A CHIEF RESIDENT in Pediatrics at The Brooklyn Hospital, Brooklyn, New York. Conceit in my medical degree and my academic pursuit of better medical practice would, ordinarily, make me secure in my greater understanding of the proper use and abuse of antibiotics. However, your article titled "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs" made me more introspective of my philosophy of drug therapy, even more demanding of science in my reading of drug literature, and more aware of the lessons to be learned from people outside the profession. I hope you will know added satisfaction in having taught a lesson to a physician leaving hospital training. Thank you!

MARTIN POSNER, M.D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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antibiotic? The contradiction leads me to suspect that the drug policemen know that safe-but-not-so-potent antibiotics either already have or possibly could in future slip through Section 505 onto a gullible market.

WELL over three-fourths, perhaps as much as nine-tenths, of the *volume* of antibiotic drugs being marketed today are sold not under Section 505 but under another provision of the Food and Drug Act—Section 507. Section 507 requires testing of samples of every market batch of every drug under its jurisdiction for potency as well as for safety. Here the burden of proof *does* fall on the drugmaker to this extent: The drugmaker must pay for whatever tests are required to satisfy F&DA. However, the law is worded to put pressure on F&DA to complete the test "within the shortest time consistent." Since the drugmakers are the only other parties to the arrangement, they are the only ones F&DA could hope to please by speeding up the tests. The drugmakers frequently praise themselves for the high percentage of research spending they put into drugmaking, but I have never read a piece of drug literature which crowed over the proportion of those research moneys that was spent to meet the exacting standards of a drug law. Has it occurred to the more enlightened drughouses to undertake such a job?

WORSE things could happen to us than a tougher drug law. Section 507 of the present act is not the all-inclusive protection it might appear to be from Mr. Prouty's letter. It is worth repeating that this Section requires potency as well as safety tests for all antibiotics *under its jurisdiction.* The catch here lies in the italicized phrase. For Section 507 applies only to antibiotics individually identified by vote of Congress as *certifiable* antibiotics. The law as it stands lists seven of these drugs. They are: *penicillin, streptomycin, dihydrostreptomycin, chlortetracycline, tetracycline, chloramphenicol,* and *bacitracin.* Three times as many antibiotics are *not certifiable,* hence individually immune to the potency requirements of Section 507. Insofar as they are marketed in fixed combinations with one or more of the seven *certifiable* antibiotics, the much larger troupe of *non-certifiables* must pass some scrutiny beyond giving assurance of safety in the tandem drugs into which they are incorporated. When the new *non-certifiables* are used alone, their only potency test is the acceptance of the marketplace itself. And even where new combinations of *certifiables* are judged, F&DA never presumes to say whether a new antibiotic is better than, or even as effective as, the antibiotics which are already on the market and available for distribution through patent assignment. In short, the drug law in its present form is an open invitation to drug manufacturers to snow the doctors under with a steady stream of new "wonders," one of which supplants another at such a rapid rate that druggists are beginning to complain about accumulation of unsold, outmoded, and unreturnable stocks running into hundreds of dollars of investment.

IN NOTING this, I come again, as I did in my original study of antibiotic abuses, to the crux of the intricate problem of overuse of the so-called miracle drugs. Combinations of antibiotics are being prescribed by some doctors as an easy substitute for painstaking diagnosis. I gather, from the letters physicians have written to me, that the practice is being fought by a rapidly growing school of conservative thought within the medical profession. It is being condoned by another school, whose principal contention, as I un-

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BACK TO ETHICS

I WANT TO EXPRESS my appreciation for your publication of the article, "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs." This type of writing is long overdue and I hope the medical profession will take note. It is time that we as a profession were returning to some of our old ethical standards. A doctor cannot listen to the voice of the huckster and practice honest conscientious medicine.

ERWIN C. SAGE, M.D.,
Assistant Director of Public Health.
San Francisco, Calif.

WHAT AUTHORITY?

I HAVE READ WITH great interest "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs." One question: What evidence do you have for your statement near the top of page 36? "At first medical authorities discouraged writers from disseminating the facts on the grounds that people who needed hospital care would be frightened away." I hear so many strange things attributed to medical authorities that I have strong misgivings when I hear the expression and would like to know what your evidence for this statement may be. Altogether, I found your essay forthright, critical, and properly depressing. More power to you!

WILLIAM B. BEAN, M.D.,
Professor of Medicine,
State University of Iowa.
Iowa City, Iowa

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Science Editor was speaking from personal experience.*

RELIABLES

IT WAS WITH A good deal of interest that I read your article "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs." Several of my colleagues and I would be interested to know the names of the few drug houses who 'grew to be such imposing symbols of reliability' in the queries made by the Pharmacology class in the medical school.

LEWIE TRAVIS, JR., M.D.,
The Medical School,
University of Minnesota.
Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The drug houses were not named in* The New England Journal of Medicine *article the Science Editor cited. Perhaps that article's author, Dr. Solomon Garb, Associate Professor of Pharmacology, Albany Medical School of Union University, might reply to a personal inquiry.*

THE GREATEST CULPRIT

WITHOUT DISCLAIMING in any way the fact that the drug industry and the practicing physician have their problems in reference to new drugs, I think that John Lear has let off lightly perhaps the greatest culprit, the journalist. Sometimes he is more showman than teacher and cannot resist the startling approach, however inaccurate. Medical men oftentimes find it hard to believe that they and the reporter attended the same scientific meeting when reading his report in the daily paper.

(MRS. T. W.) SHIRLEY HARRIS.
Highland Park, Ill.

A BIGGER PROBLEM

CONGRATULATIONS on "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs." Congratulations first on publicizing what good doctors have known and practiced for a long time. Congratulations also on showing the slanted and sometimes misleading advertising to which we are subjected.

But there is a bigger problem than antibiotics here. Unfortunately even university investigators let their enthusiasm lead their judgment into regions that the cold eye of a statistician might avoid. Worse still, many medical editors are ignorant of statistics. If the editor would add a comment "Mathematically unsound, or compared populations not similar," would we not have a major advance in medical journalism? If they went further and did not publish any medical article which they could not add Q.E.D. it might help too.

DAVID METHENY, M.D.
Seattle, Wash.

A RESERVATION

AS A SURGEON in practice, I read with interest and uneasiness your accurate, forceful, and critical article on the use and abuse of the miracle drugs.

I have reservations about the wisdom of making this disquieting information available to the public which will avidly devour but fail to digest it. The proper place for such discussion is in the pages of medical journals.

CRAIG LEMAN, M.D.
Corvallis, Ore.

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derstand it, is that diagnosis inevitably entails a modicum of guesswork, and the doctor might as well cover all the guesses that seem reasonable in one treatment. Besides, this school argues (against loud shouts of "oversimplification" from the first school) that antibiotic combinations give rise to fewer strains of antibiotic-resistant infecting organisms than is the case with individual antibiotics.

THE second line of criticism that arose in the wake of my original antibiotics report runs as follows: Why stop with the doctors and the drug advertisers? Why not follow the inquiry to its logical place in the government?

Several prominent medical men directed my attention to a peculiar duality. Dr. Henry Welch (he holds a Ph.D. degree but is not a Doctor of Medicine) is the Director of the Division of Antibiotics of the Food and Drug Administration. In that post he is responsible for regulation of licensure and marketing of antibiotics. Dr. Welch is at the same time paid for serving as Editor-in-Chief of *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*, two journals which derive substantial income from drug advertising and from sale of reprints of articles which drughouses habitually buy in many thousands of copies. Is this a proper relationship? Does it not raise a disturbing question of conflict of interest?

These were questions which had to be put to Dr. Welch directly and frankly. I telephoned him at his office in Washington, D.C., and asked for an appointment. He quickly granted my request, saying "I was on the point of writing you a letter about some mistakes you made in your article on antibiotics." The subsequent interview lasted for two hours of a weekday morning.

I OPENED the interview by asking Dr. Welch to tell me where my report of January 3rd had erred. He pointed out several sentences in a copy of the *Saturday Review* that lay open on his desk. I recognized the passages as quotations from articles in respected medical journals. In one, from *The New England Journal of Medicine*, a professor of medicine had described an experiment participated in by medical students. After studying drug ads, the students reported that drugs sometimes appeared on the market before medical journals carried any description of their successful clinical use. Dr. Welch said these statements were false and that I, as *SR*'s Science Editor, knew they were false when I published them. Anyhow, he said doctors aren't naive enough to be fooled by ads. He said further that the dangers of antibiotics had been exaggerated by one of the eminent researchers I quoted—Dr. C. Henry Kempe of Denver. He summoned an aide to support his view. He conceded that patients had died from too enthusiastic dependence on the miracle drugs by some physicians. He admitted that some doctors had innocently sacrificed their own children by premature prescriptions of new antibiotics. But he would not allow me to turn these concessions into a defense against his charge of exaggeration.

I MENTIONED that physicians of stature had told me that they considered F&DA's controls over new antibiotics less stringent than the controls maintained by the National Institutes of Health over biologicals such as vaccines. Dr. Welch said my informants "spoke from ignorance." Could deans and professors of medicine be so ignorant of their own specialties? I put the doubt mildly, trying not to give offense, for the men we were talking about actually spoke with the authority of medical accreditation. Dr. Welch insisted that no outsider could possibly know the number of clinical cases his investigators required to document the efficacy of an antibiotic; the information was confidential by law. The aide he had earlier brought into the conversation agreed that this was so. Later, however, in commenting on my report of current attempts to organize a private drug appraising agency for physicians, Dr. Welch said—and his aide again concurred—that any doctor could get a dependable balance sheet on any antibiotic's clinical performance merely by telephoning Dr. Welch's office. The aide inferentially confirmed what F&DA's critics had said—that in some antibiotic certifications the number of clinical cases cited was low. He defended the procedure on the grounds that fewer cases are needed when the researchers involved are known for their thoroughness. He named one of the men I had quoted, Dr. Maxwell Finland of Boston, as a thorough dependable. Dr. Welch seconded this expression of respect for Dr. Finland's research. But he continued to insist that criticisms of F&DA arose "from ignorance."

ALL this was beside the main point on which I had sought the interview with Dr. Welch. My purpose was not to analyze the minor rights and wrongs of the *SR* report on antibiotics. My principal concern was the larger matter of the propriety of having Dr. Welch, key government administrator of the laws regulating antibiotics, serve at the same time as Editor-in-Chief of two controlled-circulation journals which receive substantial income from drug advertisements. To avoid embarrassing Dr. Welch before his subordinate, I asked to be allowed to put some questions to Dr. Welch alone. Then, in private, I inquired for Dr. Welch's views on a possible conflict of interest between his F&DA job and his editorship of the two antibiotics magazines. I felt that I owed him utter frankness, so I told him it was said by some doctors the he, Dr. Welch, derived significant income from the two journals.

"WHERE my income comes from is my own business," he said sharply. This, I thought, was a rather extreme view for a man in public office to take. Apparently he had some second thoughts about it himself, for after a pause he added: "I have no financial interest in MD Publications (the company that owns *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*). My only connection is as editor, for which I receive an honorarium. I enjoy editing those journals and I don't intend to give them up." He didn't volunteer the amount of the honorarium or indicate what share of his income it represented. Nor did he mention Medical Encyclopedia, which publishes the proceedings of an annual antibiotics symposium edited by Dr. Welch. I didn't press him for the figures. Conflict of interest, if it exists, is a matter of principle. Was it possible for Dr. Welch to remove the prestige and authority of his office from what he said editorially? At least once that I knew of, his statements of general endorsement of antibiotic combinations had been reprinted and mailed out to doctors by a drugmaker along with ads for a particular combination drug and a drug house medical director's letter specifically linking Dr. Welch's words to that one drug. When I mentioned this episode, Dr. Welch commented: "Lots of reprints of my papers have been sent out. That can happen to anybody's reprints."

HE said he had founded the first of the two journals in 1950 in order to provide a place where reports on the spectacular progress of antibiotic medicine could be published. Before he acted, he said, he had obtained the approval of the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration and the executive officer of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He volunteered that the dual relationship had been under criticism several times in the past, and that on one occasion the drugmakers had started an investigation which he said

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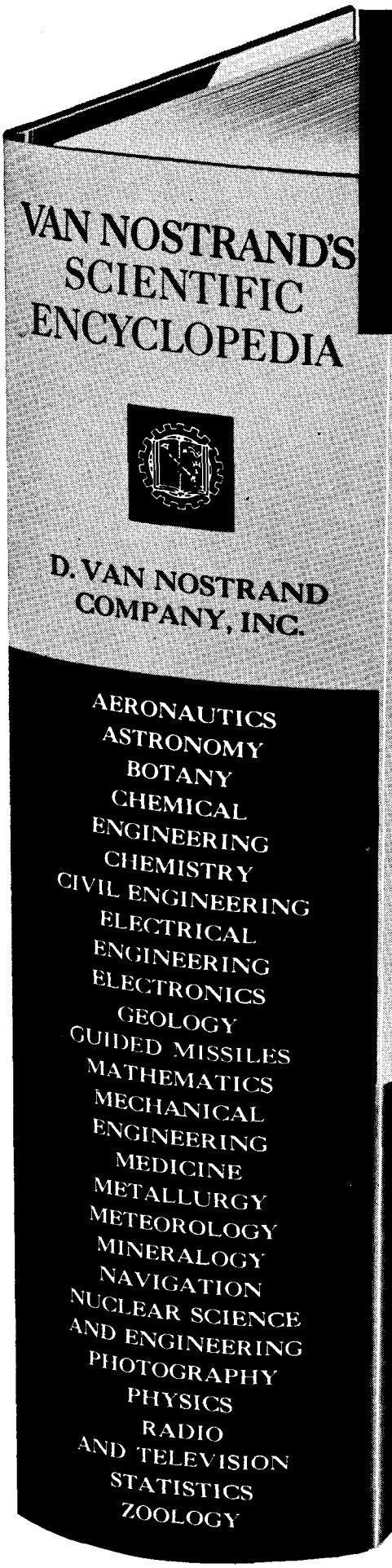

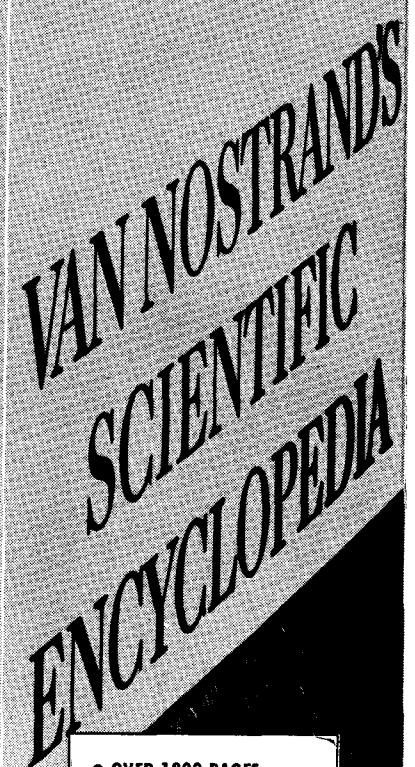

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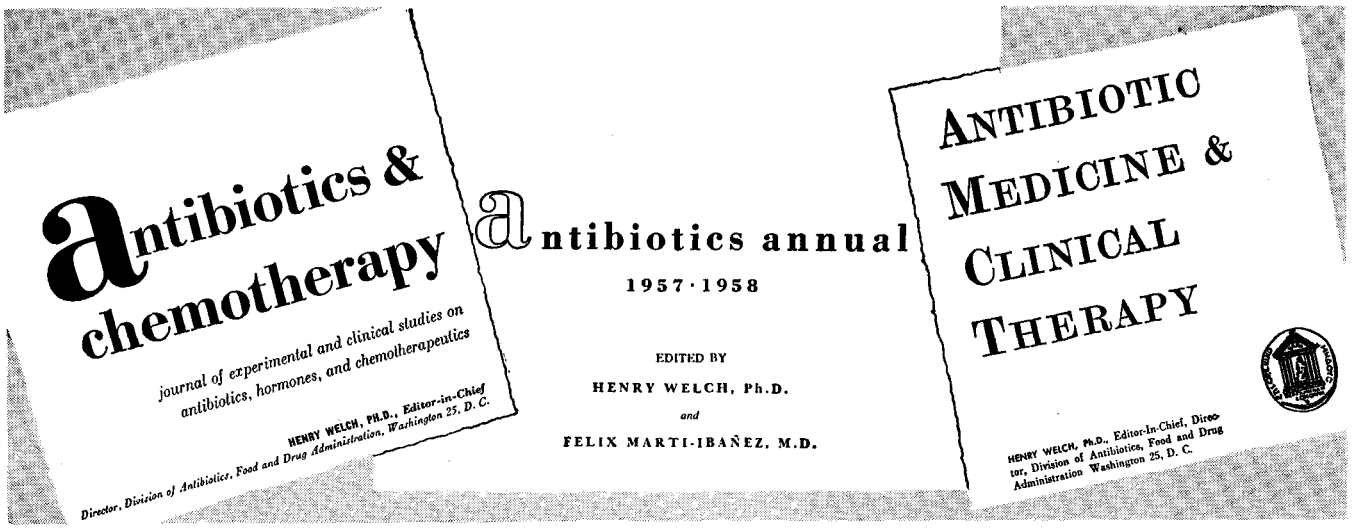
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Director, Division of Antibiotics, Food and Drug Administration, Washington 25, D. C.
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and
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HENRY WELCH, Ph.D., Editor-In-Chief, Director, Division of Antibiotics, Food and Drug Administration Washington 25, D. C.

Name of Henry Welch, Ph.D., U. S. Food and Drug Administration antibiotics control enforcement chief, tops mastheads of journals which accept commercial advertisements from drughouses and sell thousands of reprints to drugmakers for distribution to doctors.

was dropped after they scrutinized the record. "I know I've been criticized," he said. "Anybody who ever tries to do anything is criticized."

I MUST in fairness to Dr. Welch say that in my opinion the question of conflict of interest between his government job and his private activity is not a responsibility that rests on his shoulders alone. The whole Food and Drug Administration and, indeed, the whole Department of Health, Education and Welfare, are involved by the prior approvals of his original connection with the two drug magazines and the tacit approval of his editing of the symposia proceedings. F&DA has recently withdrawn its joint sponsorship of the symposia. Whether the enormous growth of antibiotics in medical commerce may be interpreted as cause for reconsideration of the agreement concerning Dr. Welch's other editorial activities is a question which should fall within the purview of U. S. Senator Jacob Javits' proposed code to define conflicts of interest wherever they occur.

THE conflict of interest problem becomes more acute when a public official throws the weight of his authority and prestige in favor of one side of a medical controversy and does so in a journal of which he is editor and which derives substantial income from drug advertising including advertising for the controversial drugs. Dr. Welch has consistently maintained an editorial point of view in *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy* in support of his conviction, first enunciated in November 1956, that modern medicine is undergoing "a distinct trend, perhaps a third era" in which "combinations (of antibiotics) . . . particularly synergistic ones, will be customarily used."

AGAIN in fairness to Dr. Welch it must be pointed out that he has permitted dissenting opinions to be expressed in the pages of the journals for which he is responsible. There his point of view has been challenged vigorously by medically-trained members of the editorial boards of the two magazines. One dissent, published in the January 1957 issue of *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*, questioned any implication that combination drugs were more efficacious than the components of the combination when prescribed alone. That disclaimer was signed by a score of the top medical researchers in the country, who took the occasion to say, of the then most recent antibiotics symposium sponsored by F&DA and the two journals which Dr. Welch edits: "Unfortunately, much of the clinical information presented had the sound of testimonials rather than carefully collected and adequately documented scientific data." More recently, the May 1958 issue of *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* carried a letter to the editor from Dr. Selman A. Waksman, "father of antibiotics," complaining against careless definitions of supposedly new species of microorganisms and pointing out that other scientific journals "have adopted the practice of avoiding trade names for antibiotics in scientific papers.'

DR. WELCH told me he takes personal responsibility for advertisements which appear in *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*. He said he reads and approves every ad those two journals print. He is not officially responsible for the general abuse of antibiotics advertising. Responsibility for that, insofar as there is a clearcut responsibility in government, rests with the Federal Trade Commission. An FTC staff lawyer has already solicited the documentation for my original antibiotics report.

OTHER people think that senders of misleading ads through the mails could be prosecuted under the postal laws. And I am hopeful that the Securities and Exchange Commission may look into the relationship between sudden zooms in quotations on drug stock prices in Wall Street and the "tips" on new antibiotics which occasionally appear in financial journals before being reported in the medical journals. Perhaps I am unduly squeamish, but I find a bad taste in my mouth after reading how a drughouse has taken doctor-delegates at a medical convention on a tour of the stock exchange.

THERE is one more major question to be raised before the story of antibiotics abuses is complete. Are there enough doctors in this country? Might a larger supply of doctors relieve the time pressure which now contributes to hasty diagnoses? On this issue I recommend two volumes now in the bookshops and libraries: "The Doctor Business" by Richard Carter (Doubleday) and "Before We Sleep" by Hank Bloomgarden (Putnam's). For another possible solution to the prevailing plethora of antibiotics with their attendant hazards, cast an eye on the page opposite this one. The next great development in preventive medicine is already looming large on The Research Frontier.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Ben Koolklin.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Closer and closer to the prevention of infectious disease through the apparent working of miracles. But this advance is accompanied by unpredictable reactions within the human body, which build resistance to the antibiotics. Does this mean man's dependence on an endless stream of the so-called "wonder" drugs, each one designed to correct the harmful results of the last? Apathetic to such assembly-line approaches to medicine, some scientists say yes. Others disagree. One dissenter is Dr. Werner Braun of the Institute of Microbiology at Rutgers University. Instead of killing the antibiotic-resistant organisms, he asks, why not modify them to render them harmless? This radically new approach to the problems posed by overuse of antibiotics is explained below by the Editor and Librarian of the Rutgers Institute, Robert A. Day.*

By ROBERT A. DAY

(Institute of Microbiology—Rutgers University)

PERHAPS the most acute problem that our doctors are now facing is the problem of antibiotic resistance (Research in America, Jan. 3). It has been known for some time that certain disease-causing organisms can become resistant to the action of antibiotics, just as many houseflies have become resistant to the action of DDT. An extremely serious problem now exists in many of our hospitals with a highly resistant microbe called the *Staphylococcus*. This garden-variety organism is always present in hospitals and because of the almost constant contact that it has had with the major antibiotics, certain highly-resistant "hospital" strains have been produced. Hospital personnel then sometimes become "carriers" and infect patients with this stubborn organism. There have been a number of recent reports of death, especially among the newborn, from infections caused by the hospital "staph."

"Is it really necessary, or even possible, to *kill* all of these invading organisms?" asks Dr. Werner Braun, of the Rutgers University Institute of Microbiology. "Perhaps," he says and he emphasizes this qualifying word, "Perhaps we can learn to modify these populations of invading microbes in such a way that they no longer can do damage to our bodies."

It has been recognized for many years that different strains of certain species of bacteria possess different degrees of virulence. Some strains are highly pathogenic, some are mildly so, and others are completely avirulent—incapable of causing any of the symptoms of the disease. This distinction has been made use of in the science of immunology. Immunization is often accomplished by the injection into the body of relatively avirulent, or attenuated cultures of the organisms being immunized against. To fight these weak invaders, the body produces antibodies which will be effective in halting a later invasion by the more lethal pathogen.

This is a defense *in advance of infection*. The question being asked by Dr. Braun and his associates is, "How can we alter the virulence of a population of infecting organisms *after* it has established itself in the body?"

The idea itself is not entirely new. It was apparently first stated by Philip Hadley in 1937, when he called for "a new aim and method for combating infectious diseases by controlling the culture phase of the infecting agent." What he meant was that it might be possible to "cure" disease by transforming the invading virulent organisms into non-virulent (avirulent) types. Only recently, have scientists actually begun to uncover some of the genetic and environment mechanisms through which to accomplish the selective establishment of cultures either more or less pathogenic than their parents.

Much of the work reported here resulted from the observation that pathogenic cultures of various bacteria often become avirulent when kept in test tubes over a period of time. The microbiologists began to wonder why this was so. Now they seem to have the answer. These organisms, like any living organisms, produce certain metabolic wastes. And a test tube, obviously, is a "closed" system; there are no mechanics for the removal of waste. The organism thus produces an environment in which it itself cannot live. But—and this seems to be the answer—a certain number of offspring of the doomed organisms evolve to survive the new environment. And these mutant cells, which soon become the dominant population as the original cell strain dies, are often relatively, if not completely, avirulent.

Many experiments have been performed to show that changes in the food of original strains produce corresponding changes in their metabolic wastes. This, in turn, results in the rise of different mutant types. Also, it has been discovered that certain substances have the opposite effect—they favor the development of virulence in organisms that were initially avirulent. Much of Dr. Braun's works has been concerned with the breakdown products of deoxyribonucleic acid (the primary constituent of the genetic material in every living cell), which strongly favor the development of virulence.

Thus, it would seem that an exhaustive study of these various products, and the population alterations they are capable of accomplishing, could result in the discovery of certain compounds that would have the ability, in the human body, of transforming populations of deadly pathogens into forms that the body can readily defend itself against, or into harmless cohabitors.

A word of caution is in order. The human body is not a "closed" system. As yet, the feat of altering bacterial populations can be efficiently performed only in the test tube. But these studies are still in their infancy. It may not be long before the microbiologist can isolate compounds that will have the ability to promote beneficial population changes in the human body itself.

This line of investigation is perhaps one of the most exciting research efforts now taking place in the laboratories of microbiology. As already indicated, the knowledge now being sought should result in the establishment of desirable as opposed to undesirable bacterial cell types in higher organisms. Furthermore, these studies of the mechanisms of variation in bacterial cell types are so fundamental that it is easy to see that this knowledge may well cause startling advances in other fields of science, in addition to the study and control of infectious disease.

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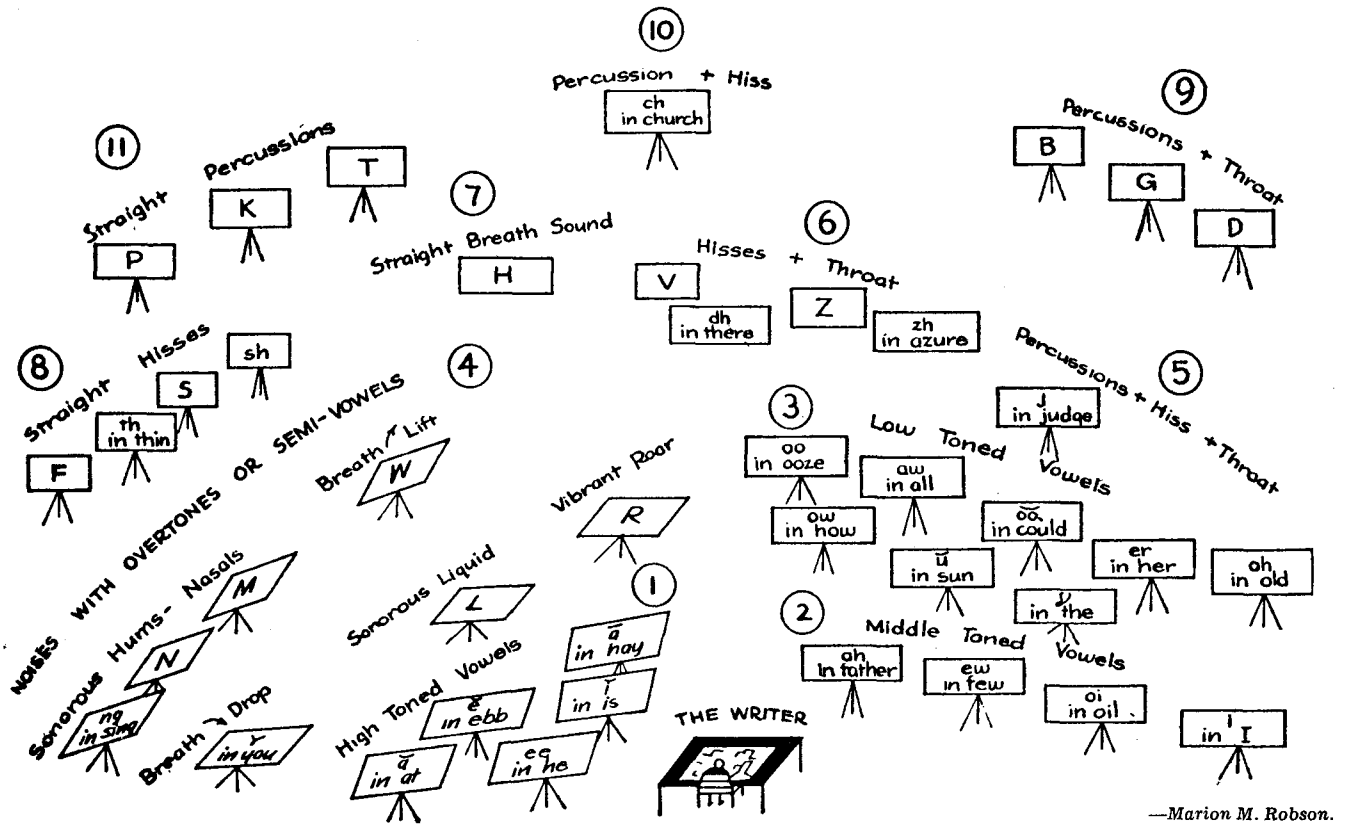
THE ORCHESTRA OF THE LANGUAGE



—Marion M. Robson.

With this alphabetic orchestra, arranged to fit the laws of acoustical science, author Ernest Robson composed lyrics on opposite page.

HERE the sounds of speech have been arranged in the image of a 41-piece orchestra waiting to be organized by the auditory imagination of the writer, the director, and the composer of language. The illustration shows vowels, diphthongs, semivowels, and consonants in eleven orchestral groups. Just as a symphonic orchestra puts the stringed instruments and the wood winds in the front rows and the percussion devices such as drums, triangles, cymbals in the rear rows, so the orchestra of the language places the vowels that are tones in the front and the consonants that are noises in the back. Although this arrangement grew out of an analogy with music, it is based on the valid acoustic distinction between a tone and a noise.

The first three groups are tone divisions. They separate the vowels into three tone levels: high, middle, and low. The "high" vowels *ee, ĕ, ĭ,* etc., are made in the front one of the two chambers that the tongue makes by separating the hollow of the mouth into two resonating rooms. The tongue acts like a wall. The "low" tone vowels such as *oo, oh, aw* are produced by drawing back and dropping the tongue-wall so that the oral chamber is lengthened, deepened, and enlarged. The strongest overtones of the low-toned vowels come from the rear of the mouth, out of whose depths they carry to our hearing a feeling of lowness, largeness, and darkness. The "middle" vowels include the diphthongs *oi* and *ew* that fuse a low and high vowel, and the vowel *ah* whose oral structure lies midway between the high and low vowels.

Behind the full-toned vowels in the first three groups appear the partial tones, the transient semivowels in Group 4: *w, y, r, l, m, n, ng.* The last three of these sounds, *m, n, ng,* resonate with vibrations in the nasal cavities that give them a humming quality. The hum of *m,* lower in tone level than *n,* is heard most clearly in words with low-toned vowels such as *hum, room, strum, mum, mumbles, murmur, mom, momentum.*

The hum-timbre of *n,* higher in tone than *m,* is more impressive in high-voweled words: *keen, kin, pin, tin-pan, Dane, insane, winnow, wind, stain.*

When the low-tone level of *l* precedes a vowel and introduces a word, it conveys a sense of uplift in such expressions as *left, lift, lilt, laugh, lady, light, lick, leap, lip.* But the low-tone level of *l* may have an opposite effect when it follows a vowel or terminates a word. Then it can give the impression of a physical letdown, a leveling off, or a long drop: i.e., *lull, fall, tail, stale, spill, fallow, keel, dull, pall, shawl, kill, cool, sprawl.*

Three of the more powerful semivowels in Group 4 of the illustrated orchestra are *y, r,* and *w.* The timbre of *w* may be used to suggest the open-flowing, the rhythmic, the forceful, or combinations of these qualities. These possibilities are conveyed in *win, wild, water, wings, wobble, waves, wind, wanton, whiff, warble, whistle, swish, swing, sway, willow, wail, will.* The timbre of transient-toned *y,* with its speed and gliding power suddenly emitted from the high tone region in the mouth, strikes the ear with some

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of the chordal tension of the vowel *ee*. This explosion of high tension may be used to express the assertive, the abrupt, the final, or the swiftly rising impetus in *yield, youth, yank, yell, yip, yap, yes, yeast*. The throatal, low roar of *r* carries its low-toned roughness, power, and its dark throat color into low-toned words such as *strong, storm, harsh, war, rough, burr, hard, rock, hoarse, char, gore, gorge, wrong*.

The straight percussion sounds that strike the ear like drums appear in the noise section of the orchestra of the language, high up in the last row. They are the breath-exploding consonants *p, k,* and *t*. They do explode. These are the swiftest sounds of speech, whose time durations are so tiny that the ear has little opportunity to detect tone. The timbre of the percussions in orchestral Group 11 is not influenced by the tones of adjacent vowels. The lip explosiveness of *p* sounds through *nipple, pucker, pop, pout, lip, pulp, flip, pipe*. The sharp, quick, abrupt, dental cast of *t* carries its keen timbre into *taut, meat, tear, cut, tattle, teeth, white, tart, tight, tack*; and its quality of the diminutive and the swift into *tot, trout, teat, tut-tut, titter*. The boniness of the roof of the mouth enters into the articulation of *k* and passes its quality of hardness on with speed and sharpness in *crack, truck, cluck, conk, kick, click, knock, creak, squeak, ack-ack, nick*.

The hissing consonants in orchestral Group 3 have the frictional quality of breath blowing tiny, aerial bubbles over the lips and tongue and through the teeth. They are *th, sh, f,* and *s*. Some of these sounds are long-durational and all of them have a soft texture, except *s*, which carries the sharp imprint of the teeth. Their timbre of fricative breath, beating in the ear like an atomized gas, pulses through words such as *fast, swift, slash, swish, hiss, fizzle, fuss, sift, soufflé, shuffle, scuffle*. The longer time duration of steady breath friction reveals its dimension in *stiff, staff, suffer, shaft, smooth, stuff*. Notice how the soft-lipped, air-rippled quality of *f* enters expressions such as *fluff, ruffle, foam, muff*, and how the carnivorous teeth emotionally color the breath with the sharpness and snap of *s* in *hiss, snip, sizzle, cuss, slash, sik'em*.

These examples can be multiplied to show that the timbre groups in the illustrated orchestra of the language will aid the writer to select more powerful, more sensuous, and phonetically more intelligent words.

—Ernest M. Robson,
in "The Orchestra of the Language"
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Two Acoustical Compositions For Orchestra

SILK OF THE WINDS

The feather breath of love, silk of the winds, filled with sensitive caress—
With denizens in swift phlogiston realms
It is imbedded in a wish for wings,
Wherein the Heavens spring with kindlings of themselves.
This skip of the breath, this inner-singeing lift within us, brings:
Such nonsensical rhythms, such silly frictionless slippings in the winds
Such indefinite images of infinite degrees of freedom,
Yet electric with the nervous system's quick reflections
In alchemic visions of a swift transition—
Until—
The giddy circling in, the spinning in the whispered wefts
Of unstinted rhythms,
The whisking in the ether
Of exhilarants in the high-imagined tinglings in the cloves of taste,
Like the spread of ripples exploding from a shell,
Thins in peripheries of chill air
And ends nowhere.

INSIDE THE SNOW

The fulf of feathers in the fall of snow
Is lulled in surface areas where
It bears the hush of some numb nimbus layer
Filtering its dim thistles in the rifts of thinner layers,
Swimming under, drifting by;
Giving this fluffed undulance an edgeless semblance
Of some inner hesitance among the tumbling heavens when,
Wedding themselves still once again with their own air,
They brush the tufts of earth with pale dispersions of the sky.

Thus snow's fresh whiteness is frost's airy phase
Of lattice-scattered light among the porticos of dawn
When daylight with its tungsten flame garnishes the cornices of morn.
And this is so—whether heavied in wet weather's haze
With continuous sifted hissings in sibilance suggesting
Evidence of Heaven's lisping of its air's dimensions in its sailing lace,
Telling of pale assortments of its inner hidden presence in
The wafen crystals as if webbed wefts of icen vapor were
White parachutes of water, soft stutterers of settling-calls,
Selected echoes of wet densities; ghostly graders whispering
Of varying swiftness in the heaven's swarming falls.

And yet
when frozen-locked in solid blocks in rigid planes

Under the pounding boots, cleats, treads of Man,
his tanks, trucks, wheels,

Yet what little air is left in flakes of Heavens' breath
carries the strains

Of mechanical bruises,
and the jerked readjustments that go

Under the pressure-crushed-crunch of the heels . . .

With slippings
and the abrupt breaks of dry crystals

in the cold weather creak and the cry of the snow.

—Ernest M. Robson.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXV

THE RAIN*RISE* WATCHER

The Water Cycle's Unseen Phase Occupies Dr. C. W. Thornthwaite

—American Geographical Society.

A CHILD presses its nose to the window pane and asks, "Why does it have to rain?" "Because the flowers are thirsty," mother says. And the idea that flowers, too, need a drink is enough to delight the child's curiosity. Later, if the child is fortunate, a gifted teacher will point the way through the rain to the marvel of photosynthesis—the transformation green things work with sunshine and water to manufacture the seductive hues and smells of posies. For most of us, that is the end of the story of a heavensent shower. It takes a special awareness to notice that the flowers give the rain back to heaven again. In a breath more fragile than snowflakes, moisture is transpired by the green leaves into the air to complete Earth's water cycle, without which petals and people would wither in the sun. All of which is said by way of introducing the man who has taught us the most about this upside-down rain: Dr. C. Warren Thornthwaite.

The evapotranspiration of plants and the soil they grow in is invisible. The only traces of it that the eye ever sees are the dewdrops of early morning. But you can hear it in the almost-dry twinkle of this great geographer's humor. "I get discouraged about my work," he told me, "because it takes me only five minutes to explain what I've done in a lifetime."

It isn't really anything like a lifetime yet. Dr. Thornthwaite is a tall, greying, bright-blue-eyed man of sixty years, whose omission of dessert at lunch seems certain to keep him a good insurance risk for years to come. If he'd be willing to borrow atomic jargon and call it a half-life, he'd be closer to the mark. For it was in 1931, when he was an assistant professor at the University of Oklahoma, teaching cartography, geography, and climatology, that he first used humidity to formulate what has since become known everywhere as "Thornthwaite's Classification" of the climates of the world. Like other climatic studies of that time, his initial tagging of fruitful and desert regions depended on temperature, wind, rainfall, atmospheric humidity, sunshine, and cloudiness. Along with his geographer colleagues he shared the perspective of the inquisitive child at the window on a rainy day. His line of attention fell from the clouds to the ground. It overlooked the topsy-turvy showers that wafted upward, unseen, in the atmosphere.

As long as the rains came regularly to his native midwest (he grew up on a farm outside Bay City, Michigan), he classified climates by the old established ingredients. But when drought parched the plains and he watched the dust clouds churn the noonday sun into eclipse in the early 1930s, he sensed that something was missing from his equations. He had taken no account of the "perspiration" by which vegetables and flowers keep cool in the heat of day. Until he knew how much water it was returning to the air, he couldn't say how much of the rain and snow was actually being absorbed by the vegetation or whether that amount was enough for healthy growth.

But could he measure evapotranspiration? The chance to try came in 1934, with Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. A fellow geographer, Hugh Bennett, was called upon to fasten down the drifting earth of the Dust Bowl through a Soil Conservation Service. Bennett asked Thornthwaite to establish a Climatic Division of SCS to deal with, among other things, the water balance of the burnt-out soil. The need for sensible, economical irrigation was obvious. Not so clear was the answer to the question: How much water did the crops really need?

Dr. Thornthwaite intensified his study of the natural growth process by devising a new meteorological instrument that sampled the layer of air immediately above the ground at closely spaced intervals. This was one of the beginnings of a new science —microclimatology—which he helped to pioneer for the next decade. But at the end of those ten years he still did not know how much water a given type of growing plant would use if unlimited water were available, and the answer continued to elude him until he visited a foreign land. Then, while working as a consultant to the Mexican Ministry of Agriculture in 1945, he invented the evapotranspirometer, a canned garden sunk two feet into the earth.

The soil inside the "evapo" can, which is eight feet across, is planted with whatever crop is under study at the moment. The plants are watered either by overhead sprinkler or underground pipes, the flow through which is gauged. Other pipes lead to an underground room where the runoff of water unused by the plants is collected and measured. The difference between the inflow and the runoff is the plant's real appetite under ideal conditions for optimum growth, or what Dr. Thornthwaite calls "potential evapotranspiration."

BEING by that time the foremost authority on the micromechanics of the water balance, Dr. Thornthwaite was the first choice of Isaiah Bowman, geographer-president of Johns Hopkins University, to establish a Laboratory of Climatology for Johns Hopkins in 1947. The lab site was Seabrook, New Jersey, one of the homes of frozen foods. Seabrook Farms, then the largest truck crop-grower on Earth, was washing so many vegetables for freezing that it had to dispose of ten million gallons of waste water a day. Where was this enormous quantity of water to be poured? With his new graduate students from Johns Hopkins, Climatology Professor Thornthwaite tried various recipes for what always ended up as mud soup. In the end, he sprayed the water on the floor of a New Jersey forest, which, to his astonishment, absorbed twice as much moisture as the wettest place on Earth. Seabrook's problem was solved, but the science of microclimatology was confronted with an unexpected question. Why was the forest so absorbent in a region where the cultivated soil was not?

Dr. Thornthwaite found that microbes living in the top six inches of humus beneath the trees had laced the ground with microscopic air holes which held the excess water until the roots were able to use it. But that knowledge came a long time after-

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ward. The moment the waste water had been disposed of successfully, Seabrook had another pressing problem to occupy his time.

The company's huge harvest came all at once, resulting in some green, some overripe, produce and a great deal of waste. Was there a way to stretch the harvest over a longer time? Dr. Thornthwaite's botanist daughter, Elizabeth, thought there was. With her father she calculated a calendar based on the growth nodes of peas, and from this came another now famous Thornthwaite innovation—the crop harvester's slide rule. Merely by spinning a wheel in this device, a farmer can tell when a crop planted on a particular day at a particular place will be ripe for gathering.

The harvester's sliderule is a valuable implement in any land. And Dr. Thornthwaite himself was the only person surprised by his election in absentia in 1950 as president of the Commission on Climatology of the World Meteorological Organization—an agency of the United Nations. In 1955 he became the United States member of UNESCO's Arid Zone Committee, a three year assignment that immersed him in the cauldron of the Middle East, where, he says, "I find myself, a physical geographer, as much interested in the human problems of the people as in their climate."

Mrs. Thornthwaite and their three daughters (Elizabeth, Dorothy, and Sally) have shared his travels to the ancient lands; on the last trip Breasted's *Ancient Times* was bedside reading. But they always come home to the Laboratory of Climatology, which is now located at Centerton, New Jersey. The old link with Johns Hopkins is gone, replaced by ties to Drexel Institute of Technology and the University of Chicago. Students of climate come from everywhere to enjoy the quiet dignity of an almost white, slightly battered frame house with varnished wood doors and window-frames, busy wallpaper, and leather-bound books marked with peeling gilt. Here a baker's dozen of people of all the races work together in genuine good will. All three Thornthwaite daughters and two sons-in-law have served on the lab staff. In fact, the family devotion to research is such that even trips to New York City, three hours distant, are limited to "occasions" like the Metropolitan Opera or last month's acceptance of the American Geographical Society's coveted Cullum Medal. I suspect that Dr. Thornthwaite's preference for rural living may spring from the fact that only in the open countryside can he fully experience the glory of the *falling and rising* rain.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

CONVENTIONAL DEATH OR UNCONVENTIONAL SURVIVAL?

Another Question on Science and Congress

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With Assistant to the President James R. Killian, Jr., exerting increasingly statesmanlike influence on American policy, the need for scientific advice to the Congress grows urgent. Military policy especially requires civilian review. Here a free lance political scientist extends a paper read before the 1958 annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His notions are unsponsored, controversial, imaginative, and, we hope, provocative of new ways to peace.*

By LEWIS A. DEXTER

THE Constitution of the United States of America plainly says that "all legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress." Among these powers are specifically included "power to provide for the common defense . . . to raise and support armies . . . to provide and maintain a navy . . . to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces" and further "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

Yet the Congress does not in any very significant degree exercise these powers to check and balance the military or the Executive in shaping military policy. Indeed, in interviews I have conducted during the last seven years (among others, under contract for the Center for International Studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and for the Advisory Committee on Civil Defense of the National Research Council) several members of Congress and Congressional staff executives have expressed the belief that because the President is Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces the Congress does not actually hold the same responsibility in military matters as it does in other affairs. My own contention is that scientific analysis of the role of Congress in military policy is not only proper but could aid in reducing the likelihood that we will suffer the worse consequences of modern warfare.

How has our constitutional system come to be modified in practice from the system intended by the men who wrote the basic document on which American government is built? The departure occurs through failure to distinguish military policy from war plans, tactics, weapons manufacture, and other aspects of warfare. By military policy I mean the grand strategy, or what has been called "the politics of warfare" underlying, guiding, and limiting strategic, tactical, and material decisions. Military policy is thus concerned with such questions as: What kind of war are we going to fight? What kind of military doctrine(s) are related to our over-all political and long-range purposes as a people?

It is entirely possible for a nation to conduct a cold war or a hot one without a military policy. So far as the naked eye of this particular observer can discern, it is not clear that we have in this country at the present time a military policy. We do, of course, have a military doctrine, or perhaps several military doctrines, of which the best known is "deterrence through the threat of massive retaliation." But it is not clear that this is related to political objectives. In fact, the doctrine of massive retaliation arose in very large measure from our prior and for some time unique possession of the A-bomb.

An over-all military policy would commence not with weapons but with the question: What kind of weapons do we need for the kinds of wars (or deterrence) which empirically and ideologically are most likely to fit our political purposes? This question may be asked at the highest levels—by the National Security Council or the President—but if so it and the answers to it are classified or held *in petto* and not in the public domain. Similarly, military policy would determine such questions as unification of the Army, Navy, and Air Force in accordance with the answer to a larger question: What kinds of

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organization of the military services are likely to produce the kinds of military thinking and action which will best fit our overall political purposes? Although some discussion of unification and service missions purports to be in these terms, questions of military organization are tackled in general as though military organization and political purpose are autonomous, separable entities.

THE idea of military policy just put forward will serve to reveal the writer's biases . . . the reasons why I am concerned with the position of the Congress in the formulation of military policy. Probably, a person largely satisfied with current military doctrine would be less likely to ask questions which at least suggest that policy could be formulated differently. However, those who do not share my doubts about our current approach to military problems may nevertheless find some interest in exploring how in a complex society do politicians legislate on technological issues where some element of crisis is involved and whether the suspicion of the expert and the specialist can be utilized in any sensible way to guide military policy decisions.

My interviews with Congressmen have brought me to five conclusions:

1. Most Congressmen believe that Congress has very little to say about military policy. They allege that the military matters it is concerned with are the peripheral matters of production, waste, living conditions, etc.

2. Most Congressmen are suspicious and distrustful of the military, its representations and claims. But they have no technique by which they can "get at them" except by leaks and differences of opinion arising from conflicts among the services, which they therefore welcome.

3. No Congressman interviewed claimed that he heard from constituents or persons of prominence about over-all problems of military policy or about purposes of military organization—in the way in which Congressmen do hear over-all economic views as well as arguments for or against specific economic proposals.

4. A number of members interviewed would like to have some resource—they don't quite know what—in the field of military policy which would provide them with the stimulus and ammunition about over-all purposes which they do get, for instance, on economic matters.

5. The legal background and experience of members of Congress play a larger role in how testimony is sought, received, and evaluated than is always recognized. Again and again, members of committees refer to their "quasi-judicial" function. For instance, a member of an Appropriations Committee panel said, "We're like a grand jury; the plaintiff may ask $50,000, the defendant offer nothing, and we say it should be $22,350.08. We're like a grand jury . . . that goes out and investigates . . . that can walk into the homes of litigants . . . and haul people in, high and low."

A grand jury does investigate complaints; but the complaints usually have to be offered by someone. A judge even more clearly decides between litigants. But who are the litigants here? Except in cases of waste, graft, local complaint, or personal injustice, there are on matters of military policy only one set of litigants—the armed services, struggling for prestige missions and a higher proportion of defense appropriations. This differs from political conflicts coming before Congressional committees over tariff protection and reciprocal trade, national fiscal policy, taxes, agricultural programs, conservation of natural resources—for in all these latter instances general arguments of national policy, national interest, and political philosophy are presented on both or several sides. It is quite possible that analysis of testimony on military matters during the 1930's would show far more concern with fundamental issues of military policy than is shown now, because in those days isolationists and pacifists were heard; their challenges of the military were expected and were considered.

IT IS not without relevance to free inquiry into military policy today that three or four senior civil servants in the Defense Department have objected to any notion of Congressional responsibility in this area. One of them whose responsibility and training orients him constantly towards civil-military legislative relationships told me vehemently that he thought it improper to even begin any such study as I was undertaking. Of what conceivable use could it be? When I replied that possibly my work might help crystallize awareness on Capitol Hill of how military policy is dealt with, he said "G.. d... it, that's just it! That's downright unpatriotic! D... it, if a Congressman wants to know what he should think about such matters, all he has to do is ask us!"

Upon my refusing to give up the study, this man swore that he would see to it that the study was given up, and he did in fact write an extremely strong letter along that line to my supervisor at M.I.T. He is, I judge and presume, an aberrant case; but sometimes the explicit assertion of an extreme opinion helps shed

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some light on the drift of elements in the general point of view.

The critic of prevailing military doctrines is thus seen not engaged in a relatively innocuous intellectual disputation; he is threatening the status, the security, and in many cases the sense of dedication of a number of his colleagues and comrades. Because weapons systems, service missions, etc., are all dependent upon military doctrines, and weapons systems and service missions encyst the status, security, and aspirations of a good many men.

IT WOULD be at least worth exploring the part which the defense contractors play in determining military orthodoxy. If, as has been quoted in testimony before Congressional committees, seventy per cent of the weapons ideas come thence, it is likely that the ideas put forward will be selected according to a process which does not encourage radical revolutions in conception because radical changes are (a) expensive to a contractor with a given staff and way of doing things, and (b) dangerous in the sense that if they are rejected they may destroy the contractor's good relationships with the military.

So the Congress, practically speaking, finds itself forced to rely upon those whom it distrusts—distrusts because it knows or believes it knows they are speaking for vested interests. One member epitomized the situation by saying perhaps a dozen times in the course of a one hour interview, "Who am I to say 'No' to the military? They say a certain thing should be done; who am I to say 'No'?"

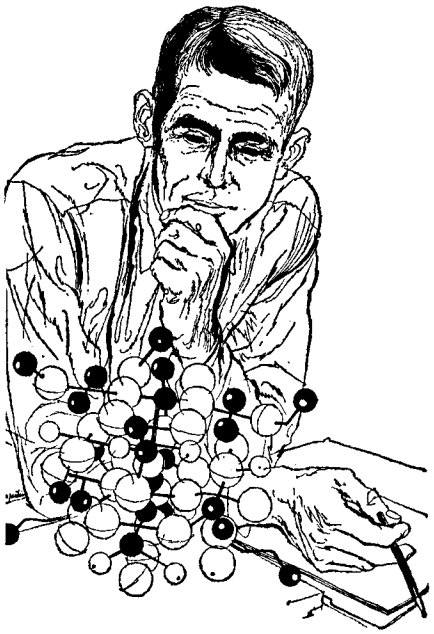
He is right in one sense. Committees of Congress are not now properly staffed to analyze Executive recommendations on military matters. However, any committee which chose to do so could provide itself with an adequate staff of reasonably critical and imaginative natural and social scientists as free as possible of loyalties to current military institutions and doctrines. The subcommittee members of the House of Representatives Appropriations Committee who study the budget requests for the Defense Department and the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization are more continuously in touch with military operations than any other group in Congress; and it is encouraging that one of these men, Representative Daniel Flood of Pennsylvania, has proposed that the House set up a select committee on Fiscal Organization and Procedures by resolution "for the purpose of strengthening Congressional control over the public purse through the . . . strengthening of its review of the annual budget . . . enabling (the Congress) better to meet its responsibilities under the Constitution." I showed Mr. Flood the first two paragraphs of this paper, and his reaction was that the precise reason why Congress "does not in any very significant degree exercise its power to check and balance the military" is that Congress lacks the tools to get behind budget requests or to determine their operational meaning. Whether a select committee is necessary, or whether his purpose could be achieved simply by a present Appropriations Committee decision to utilize politically sophisticated natural and social scientists routinely to study the meaning of the budgets that committee is asked to approve, may be open to discussion.

There are several other Congressional committees which have or could have significant responsibilities along the same line. The Armed Services Committee comes to mind. The House Foreign Affairs Committee has a special responsibility in the field of military aid. And, in fact, as an experienced staff member once remarked to me, "in Congress, nine times out of ten, assertion is jurisdiction." So, almost any committee could—if its senior members wished it to do so—tackle the problem of a really new look at military policy.

Any committee approaching the problem along the lines here suggested could profitably start by raising a question posed earlier in this essay: What kinds of war would best fit into the political purposes which we have in mind?

SUCH an approach would demand at least one revision in the characteristic picture of war now drawn in this country—that war must be as destructive as possible, to the death, an unconditional surrender type of thing, with the corresponding mechanisms of savage threats and promises of retaliation. Such a war, and such an attitude towards cold war, does not involve "policy" at all. "Policy" implies consideration of the best and least hazardous way of achieving ends.

I would guess that consistent, significant concern by any Congressional committee which would make military policy a subject of serious intellectual interest to civilians would very shortly lead to a questioning of premises. For instance, the theory of deterrence, as its very name implies, rests upon a psychologically unproven premise; *the belief that a potential enemy will refrain from acting because he fears your capacity to injure him.* There are times and circumstances, no doubt, when the belief is true, but the relative unsuccess of both American and Russian police in



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controlling hooliganism and juvenile delinquency leads one to doubt its universal applicability. The practice of deterrence may in fact *provoke* preventive or preemptive action.

THERE is another solution: The development of weapons to fit our purposes. It is apparently possible to develop giggle gases, sleep-inducing gases, sneezing gases, if need be gases producing the symptoms of dysentery for a couple of weeks, which have no lethal or long-range destructive effect on a civilization or a people. It is conceivable, indeed, that gases can be produced which merely have the effect of making people so extremely happy, so euphoric, that they simply will not take the pains or bother to man attack or defense stations, launch missiles, or do any productive work. These gases would, in effect, intoxicate the whole population.

Whether such gases can in fact be delivered, nobody knows; but surely the whole atomic bomb would have seemed incredible in 1930, even to most atomic scientists of that date.

Suppose that, as a result of a reconsideration of national military policy of the sort which Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson has indicated he hopes to see the Congress undertake this session, the Congress should, by resolution, make some such announcement as the following:

"We have been devoting x billions of dollars over the last fifteen years to thermo-nuclear weapons and their delivery. This threatens the survival of the entire human species. We propose therefore that beginning tomorrow we reduce this sum by x dollars and that the x dollars which we 'save' be devoted to the development and delivery of gases which cannot possibly exterminate the species.

"Since we know that in basic research, there are no secrets, we freely offer (a specified portion—perhaps one-quarter) of the whole sum to the United Nations to be spent and developed under United Nations auspices."

OUR friends, and those who are not so sure of our good intentions as we like to think they are, would immediately see the advantages of "happy gas" over tactical nuclear weapons. "Happy gas" could be used by a United Nations police force, for example, to prevent aggression against Lebanon or Iran without fear that such police action might lead to destruction of the human race. If the idea were publicized to the people of Russia it could exert a considerable pressure on the regime itself. As publicized among the scientists of the world, it would recruit the full enthusiasm and capacity of many who in recent years have stayed away from defense work or dragged their feet on it; and it would give a period of hope, during which other matters of bitter dispute could be better negotiated.

During that period of hope, of course, both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. would keep thermo-nuclear weapons; through aggression or miscalculation they might still go off. It is essential that our approach provide a basis for honorable disarmament and reconciliation. It must refocus the loci of terror in such terms that both major groups of powers will in their own self-interest work toward an early solution and that each will be convinced that the other is *not* going to engage in preventive war.

THE elements of such a solution could include exchange of hostages. An exchange could be arranged between Russia and her satellites and the United States and Great Britain of two-year "visits" by relatives and associates of the leading political, military, and perhaps economic figures in each country to the other. If, for instance, Major John Eisenhower were to be assigned to spend a year teaching literature or some other field in which he is qualified in some Russian city, not far removed from one of their major industrial complexes, and bring his family with him, the Russians surely would realize that President Eisenhower was not likely to launch planes or missiles against the U.S.S.R.

THE strain on parental feelings and on the feelings of those involved must be considered. But if people realize that otherwise thermo-nuclear war might take place, I believe most of them would be willing to take the risk involved. Many families today send young children away to summer camp, partly to be "hardened." Such an exchange as here proposed would be no more difficult than that—and it would have advantages for the individuals themselves, in most instances, far greater than the best summer camp.

WHILE this experiment in restoration of good-will was proceeding, "pin-pricks" (or massive insults, however they are regarded) in connection with passports, trade barriers, and the like should be removed. The emphasis must be on what we can and shall share and exchange.

The key word here is *emphasis* and the spirit underlying it must be "accentuate the positive; underplay the negative." There will continue to be, presumably, *developmental* techniques in weaponry which it would be idiotic to share. But American policy, so far as the rest of the world knows it (with the exception of Point Four and the Atoms-for-Peace program) in recent years has frequently stressed what *cannot* or *will not* be done or what will be done in an unpleasant and bothersome manner. We have rarely proclaimed what we are *trying to do.*

THERE are always a great many people who would rather die by techniques which have come to seem familiar and natural than take the risk of the unfamiliar with its somewhat unconventional methods. Such people (doctrinaire Marxists in Russia, *conventional* military men in this country, enthusiastic nationalists in some other nations) may lead the world to disaster. Clearly we must go as far as it is possible to go to reassure them. Is there any stronger reassurance for them than the traditional, open working of the checks and balances in our own democratic system? Could we possibly do better than to resolve the conflict which many Congressmen feel between the technologically-based Defense Department of today and the hope for civilian responsibility and civilian protection tomorrow? May it not be that the cure for science is more science—science in the Congress?

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Dr. Kinsey & Mr. Ellis

Continued from page 15

in a ring on his finger, and dropped instantly dead.

Revised and enlarged editions of these two volumes, reissued in reverse order, were later published, in dreary format, by the medical publishing house, F. A. Davis Company of Philadelphia, to be followed by the five subsequent volumes. The sale was restricted, however, to members of the medical profession, but to some extent "bootlegged." It was not until 1936, after Joyce's "Ulysses" was cleared in the United States courts, that Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" reached a wider audience. In that year Random House, of New York, acquired the rights from Davis, and reissued the work without restriction in an imposing edition, attractive enough to put on the parlor table, the seven volumes compressed to two. The Kinsey fanfare increased their sale in a spectacular manner.

The late Dr. Kinsey and his staff, which now issues studies and reports under the imprint of the Institute for Sex Research, have been more fortunate, possibly, than they realize. Ellis not only paved the way for Kinsey, but in some measure for Freud and his disciples and dissenters, as well as for other writers who have since found happy hunting in a once forbidden field.

FREUD openly acknowledged his indebtedness to Ellis for several of his ideas and terms, although Ellis was never a clinician. He was drawn more instinctively to such "free-thinkers" as Edward Carpenter and Arthur Symons. He read Rousseau, Nietzsche, Emerson and Whitman with avidity. Also Karl Marx. A licensed member of the British medical profession, Ellis practiced for only a brief period, preferring to concentrate on his own subject in his own way. This was to seek comparative anonymity in a London suburb in one of a row of inconspicuous villas, which I reached by following his directions: "Take Bus No. 3 from the National Gallery which will bring you to Herne Hill in half an hour." Here he devoted his energies to study, writing, and correspondence. He did not want you to call him "Doctor." He was not a joiner. He espoused few causes, although firmly supporting Margaret Sanger, and her birth control movement. He never made a speech in his life, and seldom a public appearance. With his noble head and long white beard, he looked like a huskier and less impish Bernard Shaw. He generally wore a rough, home-spun Norfolk jacket. In contrast to Kinsey, the zoologist who claimed to have learned about sex from a study of the gall wasp, he was a man of letters, an artist and a mystic. Despite his training in science, his methods were not always scientific. He was passionately disinterested in statistics—a fact applauded by many Kinsey readers.

Never gregarious, Ellis had a wide circle of friends. He enjoyed callers at his London home and visitors at his Sussex cottage where he lived practically out of doors. One of them, Charlotte Arthur, told me how she once tried to embarrass Ellis. Soon after her arrival at the cottage, Ellis proposed tea, which he explained he always prepared himself. When he reappeared with the tray, Mrs. Arthur noticed that he had a white sock draped over one shoulder; and as tea and conversation progressed, she had increasing difficulty in centering her attention elsewhere. Finally she approached the subject directly: "Tell me, Havelock, what kind of fetish is that? Do you always wear a white sock on your right shoulder, or only when certain ladies come to tea?" It turned out that a sock meant no more to Ellis than to you or to me. He had merely ducked under a clothesline on his way out to the garden with the tea-tray and acquired the sock innocently. His beard made it difficult to see around the corners. Ellis never forgot people, any trivial episode, or pithy anecdote, connected with them. He remembered this incident vividly, and with hearty amusement, when I recalled it to him some years later.

Havelock Ellis was a man of diversified interests and resources. Social philosopher, scientist, student of human behavior and literary critic, he published a long list of books, appeared in countless anthologies, and was an inveterate contributor to periodicals, many of them obscure. Innumerable articles have been written about him, full-length biographies and an impressive memorial volume.

Kinsey reporters and reviewers could have found relevant material in all of them. After the "Studies," "The Dance of Live" is probably Ellis's best-known work. Others range from the very personal "Affirmations" and "Impressions and Comments" to the more objective "Study of British Genius," "The Task of Social Hygiene," "The Soul of Spain," "The World of Dreams," and "From Rousseau to Proust." The Dean of St. Paul's is reported to have burned the "Studies," at the same time maintaining he liked Ellis's other writings. Most of these were published in America by Houghton Mifflin Company, and thus my privilege to have known him through an introduction from Ferris Greenslet.

Ellis's autobiography, "My Life," was issued posthumously in 1939, having reposed for some time in the office safe in Boston. A case history, at once tragic and heroic, of frustration and sublimation, it was scarcely the autobiography his readers had expected. Although the publishers—and the publishers alone—had over a period exceeding ten years seen portions of the work, including the section covering his close association with Olive Schreiner, several hundred pages which Ellis had kept utterly secret arrived some weeks after his death. These pages were found to contain the essence of the book as well as the key which unlocked the man. A confession compounded of irony and paradox, they deal with his life with Edith Lees, their "semi-detached" marriage followed by legal separation, and reveal, subconsciously, in the "oracle of sex" a naive and inhibited yet most constant and exalted of lovers. They are a protestation of devotion which transcended Edith Lees's suspicion and distrust, her border-line sanity, her two attempts at suicide, her inversion of which he became only gradually aware, his own ineptitude, and the twenty-three years by which he survived her. From the pages of "My Life" emerge two people "linked in a bondage so powerful, so terrible, and so beautiful that its detailed exposure makes this book a great document in human love," wrote Bernard De Voto. "It is instinct with the insoluble mysteries of men and women . . . the insoluble mysteries of human greatness."

IT WAS through Edith, rather ironically, that Ellis first met the young Frenchwoman, Francoise Lafitte-Cyon, with whom he was to spend the rest of his life. With her, when already in his sixties, he found an unexpected awakening, fulfillment, and sense of peace. This was the deepest happiness he had known, although in a letter written to her to be opened after his death, and only recently made public, he recalled Edith as "the chief love of my life."

Before introducing me to Madame Cyon, who signed her translations and later writing Francoise Delisle, Mr. Ellis warmly described her as "the companion of my later years."

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A Partial Table of Contents of

AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA

- *book by* **RALPH GINZBURG**
- *introduction by* **DR. THEODOR REIK**
- *preface by* **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

Printed herewith is a partial table of contents of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA, one of the first books in English to give you the basic facts about erotic literature . . . all those books you have never been allowed to read. If, after browsing through these titles and subjects, you are interested in reading this extraordinary volume, which has been called "the hidden best-seller of the year," simply mail the coupon below together with your check or money order for only $4.95 (2 copies, $8.95) and we will send you "An Unhurried View of Erotica" in the handsome, gift-boxed Collector's Edition, postpaid.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction

Beginning with a deliciously witty analysis of scandal-mongering from Vienna to Hollywood ("I have heard many bad things about you, madame. Let me hope that they are true.")—Dr. Reik goes on to examine the "powerful undercurrent of pornography" in the stream of Anglo-Saxon literature. He demonstrates how the contents of this book are important to the sexologist, the analyst, the historian and the connoisseur of literature, and he makes some observations about the state of current society that may shock some readers.

Preface:

A brief but vitriolic diatribe against the Bluenose in America!

Foreword:

The relationship of "witchery" and "obscenity". The sorry spectacle of the greatest courts in our land preoccupying themselves with keeping responsible adults away from "obscene" literature.

Part I: Precursors of English Erotica

An introduction to the 2,000-odd books in English that are kept from the general public. D. H. Lawrence's definition of pornography. How sexual stimulation varies from culture to culture. Erotic manifestations in ancient Peru, China, Greece, Rome. Passages from Ovid's "Art of Love." The Exeter Book; Chaucer; a complete and unexpurgated story from "One Hundred Merrie and Delightsom Stories."

Part II: Earliest English Works

The state of erotic literature before obscenity laws were passed. "Young Coridon and Phillis" by Sir Charles Sedley is reprinted here in entirety. What happened to Sir Sedley. An unexpurgated version of an early street ballad. First erotic works in prose. Edmund Curll and his "Venus in the Cloister." "Adventures of a King's Page"; pornographic works based on French characters (The Confessions of Marie Antoinette); "Secret Loves of Byron". Eminent scholars write pornography in the 17th Century. Daniel Defoe's "Moll Flanders", etc.

Part III: The Two Manias

How two themes dominated pornographic literature of 18th and 19th Centuries in thousands of books and pamphlets, and what these themes were. Sub rosa magazines like "The Annals of Gallantry: Glee and Pleasure." Selections from autobiography of an extraordinary young woman named Margaret Anson. Details of an initiation ceremony into a secret pornographic club. Descriptions of sex manuals, in England, India, France, Persia.

Part IV: London Becomes World Capital

How dozens of secret presses in Holywell Street became world center of pornographic book trade in the 19th Century. A review of early "best-sellers" like "Sodom," "Festival of Love," "The Lustful Turk," etc. A complete history of "Fanny Hill, or the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure"—the greatest, most famous erotic novel ever published. How the author, John Cleland, escaped punishment. A detailed summary of the novel, with lengthy, unexpurgated excerpts.

Part V: First American Works

Fanny Hill enters the U.S. before 1789. Massachusetts book peddlers jailed for selling copies to farmers. Publishing of erotica in Civil War period and later. Titles of first native American "classics": *Lady in Flesh-Coloured Tights; The Bar Maid of Old Point House*, etc. How Mark Twain wrote *1601* and what's in it; a scatalogical masterpiece by Ben Franklin (printed in entirety); pornographic paintings and songs; Henry Miller; the importance of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* with excerpts from the unexpurgated version; a review of the first four volumes of Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves*, with selected passages (the publication of Volume Five must await the deaths of the women involved).

Part VI: Reference Works

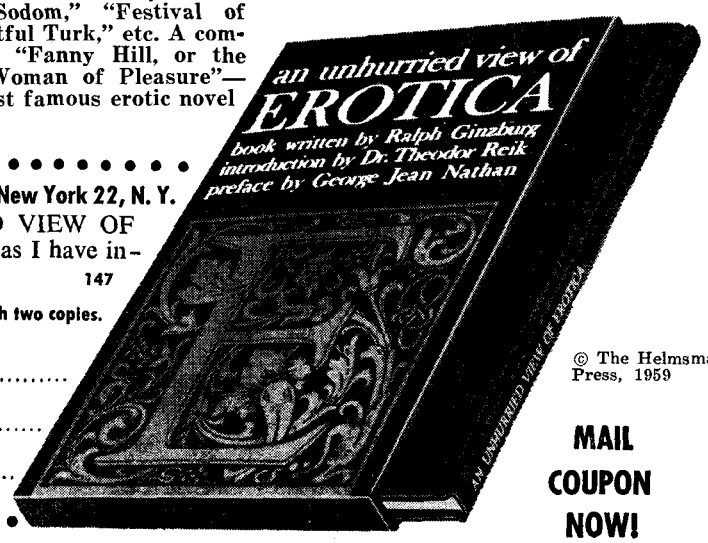
Enormous difficulty of collecting information about secretly printed, banned books. Societies throughout world dedicated to this task. *Registrum Librorum Eroticorum* (1936); Dictionnaire erotique; definitions from "Dictionary of Vulgar Tongue"; bawdy ballads; "The Coy Shepherdess" and "The Unfortunate Miller" (ballads), both printed in entirety; how the only American copy of an 11-volume encyclopedia of sexual knowledge sold for $7,000.00 and what some of its contents are; the great collections of pornographic literature: Vatican, British Museum, Dr. Kinsey, etc.; how King Farouk disappointed the book collectors; who can read erotic books from the big collections and how they obtain them; how some libraries fail even to *list* in their catalogs erotic titles which they own.

Part VII: The Erotic Book Market Today

Prices of pornographic works; book dealers' catalog listings; how many volumes are sold in New York each year; the three companies in Paris which publish most of the erotic books in English today; what they have to sell; some sharp statements by a New York book dealer, a psychotherapist and a well known attorney.

Part VIII: Bibliography

A list of 100 of the world's choicest books of erotic literature.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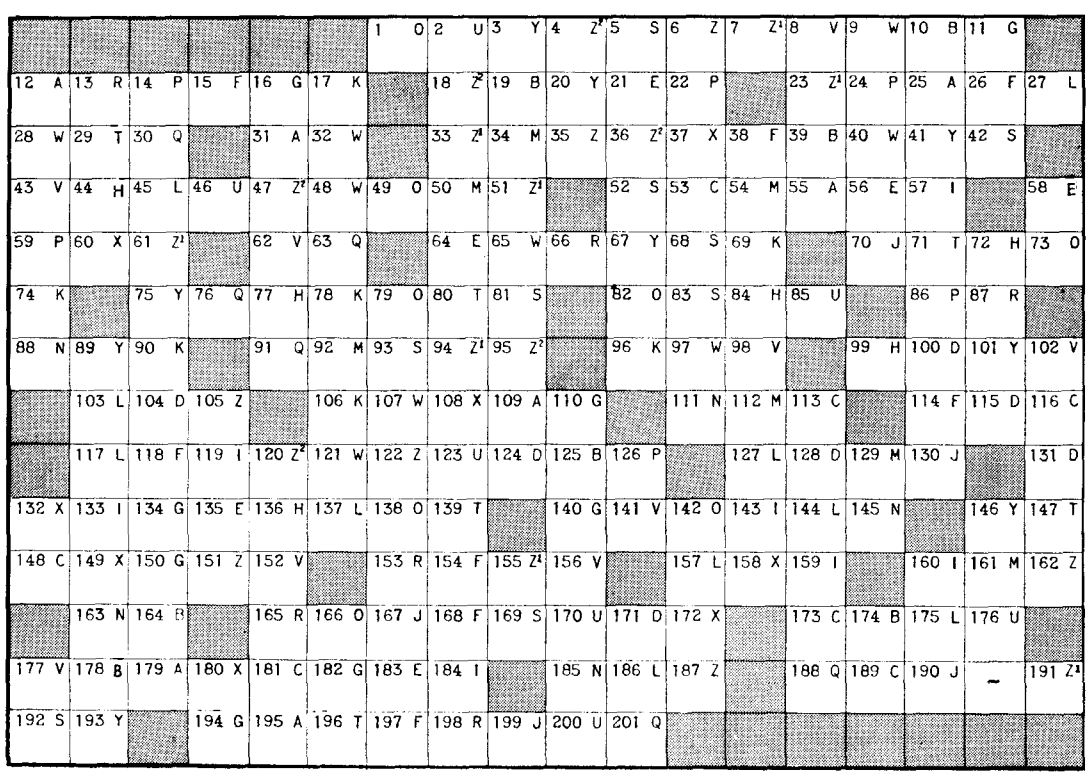
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Thievish.	109 25 195 12 55 31 179
B. One of the chief class of the phylum *Trochelminthes*.	39 10 19 178 164 174 125
C. Very rich.	53 173 148 189 116 181 113
D. Russian exclamation signifying "Never mind."	115 171 131 104 124 100 128
E. Important city and port of entry, W. Texas.	56 21 64 58 183 135
F. Very young, larval.	118 197 15 154 114 168 26 38
G. Seat of the English Duke of Marlborough.	194 16 182 11 150 110 134 140
H. Female ratite bird, related to the ostrich (2 wds.).	99 77 136 44 72 84
I. Liberated; delivered.	133 143 184 119 160 159 57
J. Epithet of "Philosophy" as defined in the meaning of Phi Beta Kappa (followed by Word R).	70 167 199 190 130
K. Spanish Stephen.	90 106 74 17 78 96 69
L. Figuratively, unsoundness or corruption.	144 45 157 103 27 186 175 117 127 137
M. Least harsh, severe, or violent.	129 34 92 50 112 161 54
N. Want of energy; weakness of accent.	185 88 163 145 111

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. In South Africa, any small cheap house.	1 166 49 142 73 82 79 138
P. Specifying the nadir.	22 14 59 24 126 86
Q. Limits.	91 188 76 63 30 201
R. See Word J (2 wds.).	87 198 153 66 165 13
S. Local English name for the brant (2 wds.).	52 68 42 169 192 5 93 81 83
T. Hard to manage (local, U.S.).	147 71 196 29 80 139
U. Law.	176 123 170 85 46 200 2
V. Wackiness; balminess; erratic mental state.	98 141 8 43 62 102 156 177 152
W. Not tending to change.	121 97 28 40 65 9 48 32 107
X. Jewish Feast of Dedication, or Festival of Lights.	149 37 108 172 132 180 60 158
Y. Ponderosity.	89 101 41 146 20 75 193 3 67
Z. Accepted a challenge; engaged in combat.	162 122 35 105 6 151 187
Z¹. Abnormal sagging of the back (said of a horse ridden too young; comp.).	51 33 7 61 23 191 94 155
Z². Shares; reserve supplies.	18 4 120 36 95 47

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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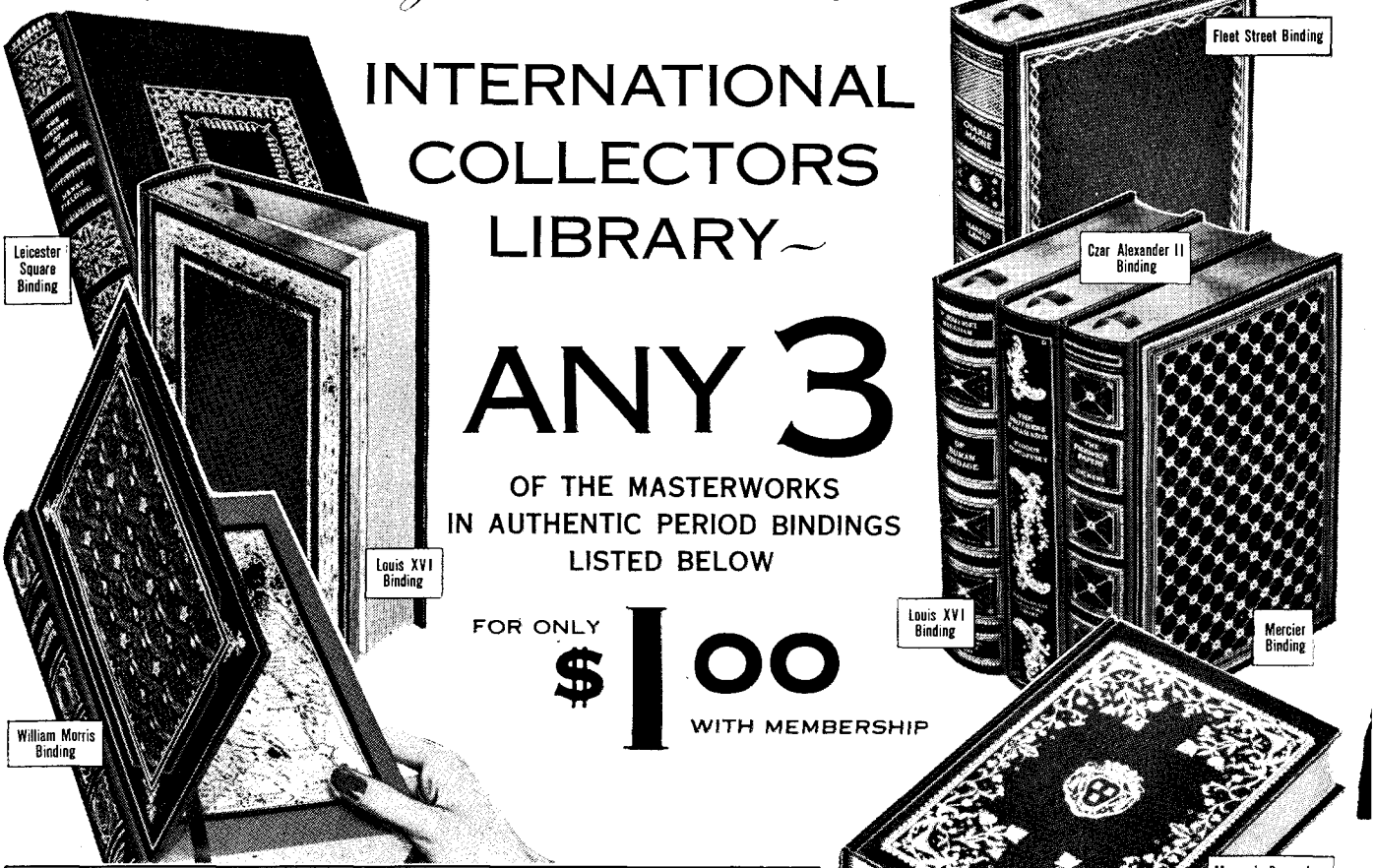

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